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GOD GROOVES IN BLACK AND WHITE

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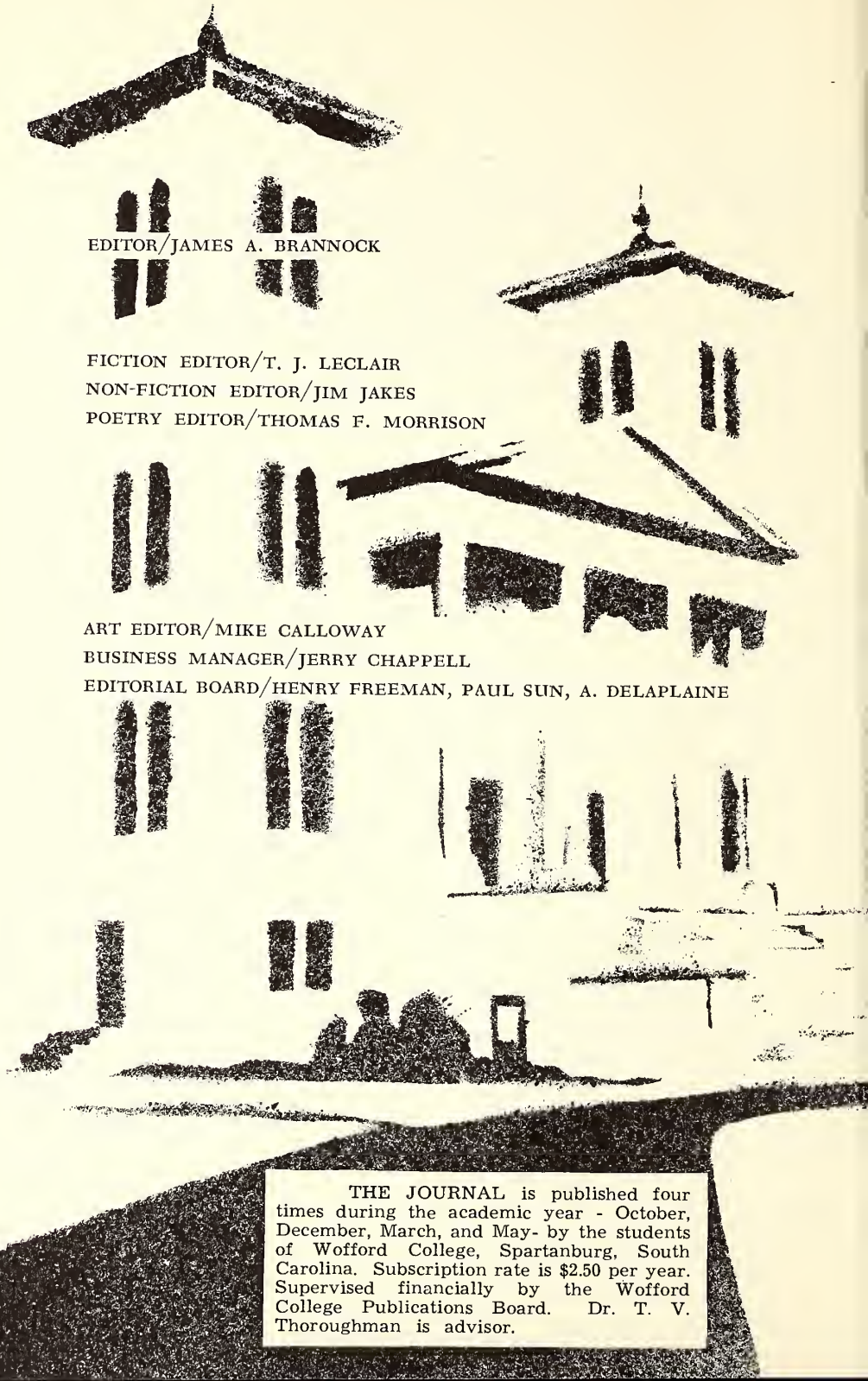

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SEARCHING FOR A WOMB

"Where are you going?"
he asks

not caring

I want to say

in search of a womb

Some place to crawl

Under the sheet and blankets
of my bed

With a violent rain outside
outside and far away

But if I say
I search a womb

he would only grin

and tell me of some bosomy girl
who would be
just right
and laugh
and grin

the last sort of thing
a person
searching
for a womb
would want to hear

"Oh, I'm going no place in particular."

THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN

I once knew a father who said
That he would rather his son come home dead
In a flag-draped coffin; than to be
Found among the ranks of the
Long-haired-hippie-type-peace-loving-
Anti-war demonstrators.

Today, it's two years later, and
They just brought his son home dead.
DEAD--in a flag-draped coffin.
You can believe what I say to be
True---that this one father
Would rather be dead himself,
Than have to live with his loss.

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still." **

The life of a son yet living-- even
Without honor --is more precious to
Those who love him, than the memory of a thousand
Sons who died as heroes.

** Lord Tennyson
"Break,Break,Break"

ALEUTIAN

One sunnyday afternoon
We walked down ending streets,
Bounded with wysterical grass.
The dog scared us
(Even with wagging tail).
He bounded along– before, after, beside us–
Into the quiet shadows of the polluted park.
I scared the dog
(Despite my good intentions).
He forgave me (in a wary way)
And returned all around us to Scott.
He scared the orange cat;
phhhp– up a tree!
But why should it mind that?
It was the only orange partridge
And it was on top!

UNTITLED NO. 13

And I'll go to the mill
on Monday morning
And I'll go to the mill
on Monday morning
And I'll go to the mill
on Monday morning–
GOD DAMN that mill
on Monday morning!

New York is a dirty city.
New York is the dirty city,
a horrible place,
a terrible place–
I'm told.

I've never been there.
I've never been anywhere
but that dirty mill
on Monday morning.

APRÈS L'AMOUR

Hearth stones cling to receding warmth,
Clutch the fading heat as Cleopatra
Suckled the asp;
An errant coal sizzles a death glow, and,
Its flame of self-consumation doused,
Shrivels into cinders;
Translucent shards of our champagne glasses
Sprawl in dull resignation, now no window
To froth or sun;

THE HOUR-GLASS GOD

in hating we color the face of the
hour-glass god – just black . . . with stars.

open the door for him.
just watch.
do not touch.

we can love in Maybeing the
beginning of the world.
Spring from the womb
of the universe.

you say: "Apollo, why can't you
see the sun?" then close
the door for him.

just watch. never, never touch.

UNTITLED

"Fathers and teachers, I ponder, 'What is hell?' I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love." Dostoevski

Last night she was the blond,
A waitress at our banquet.
We gave her drinks, made her laugh;
She forgot her children, her man.

She divorced, she said, her man;
She forgot, she played, her children.
As we sat, swilling liquor,
Two small ones wandered in.

They too were blond, but not
The tinted blond of mother.
They had not forgot the one
Who had forgotten them.

Blood-shot eyes met blood-shot eyes,
Crying children hugged the waitress;
Mother now remembered . . . . . .
Crying children too are lonely.

PREAMBLE TO THOUGHT

A friend once said:
"We are but God's imagination."
Though it seemed a bit unusual,
I began,
a thought,
somewhere,
before that
which could ever conceive
what thinking really was,
or is,
combining all within
one silhouetted
imagination,
from a left-over
impression
in constant renaissance,
being,
upon
being,
a foundation
of infinite change.
"I'll just think on it a while,"
I murmured, and silently walked home.

WHAT'S LEFT

Come laugh with me today
and just feel the difference
between city and openness,
as though perched high
on a ledge,
and looking
down
the want is lessened
with each breath,
simplicity.
unwinds the ego from within
allowing our mummified selves
to run,
naked,
insane with life.
Come laugh with me today,
or alone tomorow,
'cuz who really knows
for sure,
you may catch yourself,
laughing.

ORPHEUS

Gnawing pains in the world's stomachs;
agony in a thousand time-bound, thoughtless brains.
Wide-eyed youths (both young and old) thrust
unhearing into death and lust–
not heeding those "too old to know."

Raging monsters of love and hope rise from dust
and fight for the deaths of a multitude of gods.

Nevertheless,
a bomb ends . . .
(termination)
. . . all.

The End comes often to let the stupid
know when to die–
their lives pass over them without a touch.
But even the wise man is murdered
by a fool.

Love is hard to feel–
it is hard to see and touch
especially when man hates himself so much.

And man melts into tearful
(impotent) cries
for help.

And he is helpless.

THE NEON IS DOWNTOWN, BUT I AM HERE

The baby in a crib
was lulled to sleep by a far-off train,
clacking in a far-off way.

The noisy city became quiet,
a light was turned off,
a door was closed,
the street was deserted.

A street lamp showed in the distance
and there was nothing between it and me
for even the darkness to hide.
The trucks whined in a once-in-a-while way,
but only for a while,
because they stopped.

And now
and
then,
the "nothing in between"
the light and me sighed for something to fill it,
and it laughed between its sighs
at me
now
and
then.

The night is a long journey into day,
but it has meaning for the astronomer,
sitting in his strange tower,
his mind racing cold on the outer edges
of time and space.

Who is the astronomer,
oblivious to the train's whistles
and the truck's whines?
He has no "in between thing" to fill;
he is not bound by a literal meaning
or a certain job, but by a spirit:
but whose?

DARKNESS

Slaves of time
    apologizing for the dead
Reflections on mirrors
Shadows in the way of
    light
Playing the game of
    pretention and deception
There is no answer
    no hope
Crying so long without tears
–the laughter known as
    insanity.

FROM THE ARMS OF MY HUSBAND

"Innovation," my uncle George used to say, "is much like making love to a woman. You do the wrong thing at the right time, and you just might have to marry her." In connection with that little aphorism, Uncle George used to tell a story. I tell it now because I believe it is very much related to the history and future of Wofford College.

"Wendy and Dorothy were two fine women, maybe the two finest I have ever known. Wendy grew up with me in the backwoods of Tennessee. Dorothy I only met a few times. Both were small, no more than five feet tall on their tip toes, but they were strong and courageous, never letting larger women intimidate them. But somehow I think Dorothy must have been more intelligent; this much I do know, she had more ambition; she knew better than Wendy how to fulfill her hopes and dreams.

"From an early age they were both good athletes in many sports. In high school Wendy lettered in three sports — track, swimming, and tennis. Dorothy lettered in only tennis. From all outward appearances it might seem as if Wendy were the better athlete, but not actually. They were equally good in all sports. However, Dorothy had come to realize early in her high school career that only through specialization could she ever hope to be recognized, that only by concentrating all of her efforts on tennis could she ever hope to reap the praises, advancement. and other benefits which she so dearly wanted.

"In college Dorothy continued her pursuit of glory. She played amateur tennis and soon rose through the ranks to become considered one of the best young players in America. It must be remembered that she was able to do this only by always keeping one eye on the future, working hard, and following through with her one-minded determination to succeed. And she did succeed. Being intelligent, she was able to build a national reputation as a witty determined, ambitious, delightful person, one who every one wants to know and be seen with. The young men swarmed to her side, the best young men, from the nicest families, the most intelligent, witty, and well-rounded young men that a girl could wish for. There were also financial rewards. She was paid enormous sums to make personal appearances, speeches, and carry out other functions which a girl of her importance and stature could easily handle. However, through all of her glory Dorothy did not forget her education. She believed that next to success education was her most important goal. She graduated from college with honors, but, not wishing to be finished with her education, she hired a tutor to travel with her, one who could teach her in her spare time. Dorothy's education paid off. She learned to invest her money wisely and soon became a very wealthy lady.

"Wendy's college career and later life was not nearly so distinguished. In college she continued to participate in athletics but only intramurally. By this time Wendy had come to realize what had enabled Dorothy to rise to such great heights — her determination, her desire for success, her decision to specialize; but she also realized that it was perhaps too late for her to specialize in a sport, an action which, if it were handled properly, could bring success and national attention, so she decided to specialize in business. The young lady majored in business administration

and graduated from college with honors. After graduation she went into business.

"Wendy was moderately successful and her business grew and prospered. But Wendy was impatient for bigger success, something on the scale of the wide-spread national attention that Dorothy enjoyed. So she decided to bring young blood into her company, men with new ideas, ideas which could bring the success which Wendy so dearly wanted. These young men stressed innovation and soon came up with an idea which, if successful, could bring Wendy's company immediate national attention, but if it failed could also bring immediate destruction. Wendy immediately seized upon the plan as a way of equaling the glory of Dorothy. So, without much thoughtful consideration, she took the risk and followed the innovative plan of her advisors. It brought immediate destruction. Wendy had not taken time to consider the ramifications of her plan and as a result she destroyed herself.

"Wendy went back to Tennessee and became a small town school teacher, her dreams of national prominance and importance gone. Dorothy married a statesman and remained in the spotlight of attention all of her life. She continued to play tennis and was always successful.

"As I said I knew Wendy better than Dorothy and always liked her better. Dorothy became snobbish while Wendy remained friendly and warm. But because of her impatience Wendy was defeated, because of her lack of foresight she never really had a chance; she tried to catch Dorothy through hasty innovation instead of deliberate planned action and lost. Dorothy planned her attack from the first and won. It's as plain and simple as that, if you are going to win a race you have got to plan to be at the track on time. You can't try to parachute in at the last minute. Because if you do the wind might carry you right out of the stadium and you will be the only one in the parking lot."

UNTITLED

It's a sort of game, I suppose, only I've never won. The rules are simple: turn 'round and 'round, slowly at first, then faster for a few minutes. Stop suddenly and glance in the opposite direction. Every time I try it in my room, I see the same old things, the closed door, the unmade bed, the Red-Rocket hobby-horse, and seventeen assorted alphabet blocks in emphatic primary colors. I'll catch them some day, the World-fixers.

They run the world. They make you see things. Move your eyes and they're hard at work, nibbling away at one side of your world picture and adding to the other. You can be as fast as you want, you can't catch them fixing your world.

I set a trap in my back yard for one, knowing that I was playing into their hands, trying to snare them in their lies, their illusions. It's a Tarzen-Jungle Jim trap with a branch bent to the ground and a noose attached. I'm not kidding myself. I don't really believe a fixer can be caught that way. Even if I did, they would probably make it look all the same. I feel better though, like I have formally declared war.

Comes the mother into the room; suppertime. She's a thing of paper and watercolors, strung up on jointed sticks. I hit her one time to see if she would collapse. They beat me again and made it feel like real flesh, like hitting me.

Always, always, I watch. They can't be perfect. There has to be a mistake sometime. I don't ask for much, a ball bouncing too high, a block tumbling wrong, a leaf falling the wrong way would do it.

Bedtime. I arrange my pillow and covers carefully. I lie on my back, legs crossed, arms straight down by my sides. Never let an arm or leg hang over. While you can't feel, they may come take it away. It's dark. I can't see. At least part of the bed exists; but, I can't speak for the hobby-horse or blocks.

I fight off sleep. They can't get me while I'm awake. I hope I dream tonight.

HE

The Tams blared forth from the lighted box in the corner. They had for ten minutes, they would for another twenty. The undulating bodies declared in unison that all the world needed was a little more soul, though the bodies could not even begin to fathom the meaning of the word. Soul to them meant only a good party every weekend; the living and suffering combining to produce the genuine concept was unknown to the writhing mechanisms moving over the floor. The contentment on some faces, the drunken pleasure on others, the oblivion on the rest bespoke the unreal atmosphere of the gathering. The bodies danced on, unmindful of the truth of the words they chanted in reckless enthusiasm.

But he noticed. He had witnessed this orgy of abandon frequently. Each time the spectacle became more disgusting. Several times he had even tried to find an alternative.

He kicked the beer can from the steps of his beach house, remembering the scene of the previous night. He contemplated all the alternatives he had tried: alcohol, non-conformity, pot, drugs. None really filled the void of meaning. When he was smoked-up, all the world was beautiful; but sooner or later he had to come down.

His current alternative was the radical community; his chief diversion was a long haired, spectacled, self-styled, emancipated woman. She had it all worked out. When the revolution came, everybody would suddenly have meaningful lives. He didn't belittle her sincerity, but the whole scene reeked of a large scale game of cops and robbers. Being so caught up in the impending revolution, she scarcely noticed the loss of the battle to be a person. Ironically, she suffered from the same problem for which she condemned the establishment. She, like they, was so trapped in her game that she failed to notice her lack of fulfillment.

Realizing his days as a radical were over, he began walking down the road. He wasn't really going anywhere, but he saw no reason to stay where he was. His mind kept turning over the now so popular phrase, "the generation gap." "Hell," he thought, "there's no such thing. The gap has nothing to do with age. The gap is within everybody. We are all scared to be 'people.' Going through the mechanics of life is just so much easier. Each group chooses its own play: suburbia, politics, drugs, revolution. Each feels that he has the answer, but none are free. All have found a role and play it well. Some of the actors need to mouth platitudes about role playing, but it's all part of the act. Shakespeare had it figured out four centuries ago, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' "

As his mind continued to ramble and his feet plod, he looked up and caught sight of the well-dressed people streaming into a church. As a little boy he had gone the church route. He remembered their less than demanding formula for life: say your prayers, go to church, obey your parents, and calmly await your everlasting reward. He recalled the shocked reaction of a Sunday School teacher when he suggested that blacks should be sought for church membership. The teacher quickly retorted that "they" have their own churches. Resigning himself to a "seperate but equal" everlasting reward, he had dismissed the church.

Now, for some reason, he felt he should enter. With a passing thought to Paul Simon's nervousness in church services, he walked into the plushly carpeted, walnut panelled sanctuary. The very term for the meeting place worried him. He sought meaning in life, not a sanctuary in which to hide. As the congregation, with expression portraying simple boredom, sang a sweet ditty, he felt this was no place to find fulfillment. After a sermon on the wickedness of wine and the weed, he was convinced. Christ was all right if you could take him without the Christians. After all, He called for a removal of all the pretensions of this world, "Is not life more than food; and the body more than clothing?" But the world couldn't stand for that, and He got His.

He left the church none the better for having gone. He returned to the house and listened to her rave about love. He knew she had never been mature enough to understand love, but did she know? Her love seemed phony, and he worried lest he be trapped in a world of shallow relationships.

But he didn't worry long, for soon the summer ended, and he returned to school. He attended a small liberal arts college. Supposedly, if anywhere, here people were striving for meaning. Yet he sensed the academic community contained many of the best actors substituting a world of grades, PHD's, fraternity pins, and Phi Beta Kappa keys. The men of grey flannel suits bought and sold the tools of an industrial community; the men of cap and gown tried to do the same with ideas.

One day his world fell in. That day his fellow students seemed completely oblivious to the problems and the void of life, the administration totally absorbed in buying and selling the college, his professors entirely immersed in trivia. A letter from home was filled with worthless social chatter; the church bulletin contained only pleas for money and trite thoughts to live by. His countrymen killed Southeast Asians at the rate of a thousand a week and beat kids heads in the streets.

If ever he felt like burning something down, it was now. Anarchy seemed like a welcome alternative to this foolish game in which he found himself trapped. He got in his car and drove with malicious abandon. He raced far out into the country, unknowing, uncaring. His mind cursed everyone and everything. He hated the system, the college, her, the church, the social structure, suburbia. If only freed from them, he could find himself and the meaning so desperately craved.

He stopped the car; he was much too angry to drive. He got out. The night was dark and the heavens beautiful. Suddenly, amidst the curses, a recollection filled his mind. He could remember reading Confucius, "There is an analogy between the man of breeding and the archer. The archer who missed the bulls-eye turns and seeks the cause of his failure in himself."

The realization was almost immediate. The fault lay with him, not the system. If meaning was to be found, it must come from within. His thoughts, his emotions, his sensations must be tapped and channeled. Till he could find his center, fulfillment was unattainable. He was no further down the road to understanding than those he cursed. Slowly, he got into the car and drove back to school.

He knew where he must begin. The battle was his; the revolution was one of hearts and minds. Each of them would need to find, just as he must, the meaning in life. Each must fit the pieces together, even if each had a different puzzle.

He was still confused, but he saw where the path of fulfillment began. He had no guarantee he would not lose the way, but he under-

stood where the responsibility lay. He had a new awareness of the structures and people around him. No longer did he have a desire to destroy but only a mandate to create.

UNTITLED

UNTITLED *

Ireland was up in arms against England again and Molly Mehan desired to give Oliver Cromwell's roundheads a jolly welcome. Molly was a childless widow whose husband Tom, whom she missed for nothing save his abundant masculinity, had been killed by Old Noll's men. Although she was near thirty, an age when most Irish women began to wrinkle, Molly looked as if she bathed in ass's milk. Rippling near her thighs when unbound, her amber hair gleamed like burnished bronze. Molly wasn't tall, but her supple legs and thighs contributed, with her resilient and rosy-nippled breasts, to the impression of an aproned Venus.

When Cromwell's cavalry jingled into the village, Molly made her presence boldly obvious, unlike the other young women who cowered in cellars to escape the fleshy rapiers of the English. Foraging for their evening mess, a pair of roundheads approached Molly and inquired about rations, preferably poultry. Ignoring their starvation, Molly smiled, "Come ye i'side me house gentlemen, and let me admire ye pretty haircuts." To emphasize the sincerity of her invitation, she absently plucked loose one of the cords constraining her bodice. Hunger, for poultry at least, now forgotten, the soldiers slyly accepted her gesture or hospitality.

Once inside, Molly laughed, "I've never seen a protestant wi no britches on." Cromwell's underlings, incredulous at their fortune, interpreted her comment with alacrity. With practiced adroitness, they outdid one another in swiftly shaking off their leather riding breeches. Molly, meanwhile, snickered to herself in anticipation of antics in the offing. "Me bed's up yonder i th loft, sirs," she directed. "If ye can keep fro playin wi each other, I'll be wi ye in a trice." Both men eagerly clambered up the loft ladder.

After pointing out her couch to her potential cuckolds, Molly hurried to the house of her neighbor Bridget Hanlin, whose patriarchal spouse had recently expired. Like Molly, Bridget was gratifying to gaze upon. Five years younger than Molly, but hardly less comely, she was of almost Amazonian dimensions. Each anatomical component, however, from her raven hair to her insouciant buttocks, could not have been conceived more aptly. Giggling wickedly, Molly whispered to Bridget her scheme. Secure in her complicity, Molly skipped quickly back to her house and primed her plan for firing.

Drawing her petticoats demurely up, she ascended the ladder. Lolling and yawning in the strawbed, the two roundheads, upon perceiving her, indicated their avidity in unmistakable terms. "Is tha wha riding does fer ye manhood?" she murmured, awed in spite of herself. Desiring to forego any further idleness, the soldiers pressed her for fulfillment of her promised office. Molly, however, demurred. Instead she allowed them no more than a discreet sampling of her delights. But keeping their intimate debouches to a harmless level was difficult with only petticoats as sentinels.

Molly tenuously persevered, deflecting their assaults with acquired proficiency. Squirming enticingly, she squealed, "Hold off now. Both o ye

* a thousand word episode patterned after Balzac's Droll Stories

ain't fer having me at once, are ye?"

Replying with redoubled earnestness, the roundheads held their tongues. Inroads were being made into the spongy breastworks of Molly as, interrupting their gambol, a great stamping and clanging issued from downstairs. A gruff voice yelled, "Be they anyone here?" Peeping from between the straw, the soldiers saw a uniformed figure obviously an officer. Striding histrionically across the threshold, the officer mounted the ladder. Their discovery inevitable, the frustrated lovers crawled forward and, pantsless, saluted. "Halloa! What be this? Two good ironsides a whoring wi a Irish bitch?"

Muttering nervous "by your leaves", the protestants scampered from the lusty loft. Exercising the hierarchal privilege of contumaciousness, the officer reminded the soldiers scathingly of their neglected duty. "No britches? Hath the Irish harlot stolen the britches from ye very buttocks? Nay, I'll wager ye stript them off right smartly." Merciless, and inconsiderate of the shivering roundheads' sartorial decimation, the officer waxed increasingly wroth.

As the indignant officer paused to draw breath for further denigration, both men interjected hastily devised excuses. Protesting their own pristine intentions, they heaped scorn upon Molly whom they indicated as a shameless chaser after English virility. Observing the officer's silence from this barage of alibis, both then eloquently laid such crimes as witchcraft to Molly's charge. So convinced were they by their own oratory, they fully imagined themselves as mere pigs to her Circe.

Engrossed in their loquacious circumlocutions, they paid little heed to the singular pattern on which the officer was constructed. Attired in customary armor, the officer wore a helmet, a breastplate and leather breeches similar to those of the soldiers previously so ardently discarded. If they had inspected the officer with greater sagacity, they would have noticed anomalies such as the unstubbled chin, the strant of hair dangling near the shoulder and the too soft eyes.

His partner immersed in tendentious explanations, one of the cavalrymen did look with discrimination upon the officer. He scoured the accoutrements with a more tranquil eye and detected something. Confirming his initial impression by approaching the officer and fingering the helmet, he exulted, "That's my iron chamber pot ye wear! And my britches too!" The officer promptly yielded to euphoric mirth, cackling in a feminine timbre.

Reacting with admirable celerity, the curious soldier swept the helmet to the floor with a metallic clang. Abundant raven locks frothed down. It was Bridget Hanlin. Molly joined Bridget in chortling. Realizing their absurd plight, the roundheads roared self-effacingly. Their lust rekindled, they deftly grabbed the women, slating their carnal thirst on the clay floor. Bridget, yet constrained by the breastplate, giggled, "Now Molly, ye have ye revenge and ye man too."

FREEDOM AND SPECIOUS LIVING

There seems to be a certain motivating force in our lives that although vague shows its propelling when making our judgments or decisions. This active striving one might consider a form of potential freedom that man has the task of actualizing. While the arts utilize this potential in such free expressionism as "Oh! Calcutta!" it is more concretely found in everyday living. This striving that takes place in our lives seemingly is not unlike a motive that must be satisfied by some action or decision. If left unsatisfied it may result in frustration, a sense of loss, and possibly intellectual vertigo. The tension brought on by this dissatisfaction often leads to superficial decisions that offer easy solutions. This desire may be so prepelling and all the while so frustrating that it often forces the decisions to be prematurely enhanced by availability rather than results of sincere thought.

It appears that man's potential freedom is directed toward becoming a free individual. Yet this authentic desire to become a truly free individual loses its original orientation and results in attachment to ideas or actions that may be unworthy of the original effort. The Jewish existentialist Martin Buber expressed this misused potentiality in his idea that man has always joined a cause to escape being a person. He has only deceived himself in his attempt to assert himself. The Italian Nobel Prize winner Pirandello attributes this freedom striving and its temporarily satisfying fancy to a basic deceptive need that man has for creating a reality that he later finds to be vain and illusory. Yet often this entire situational process seems unclear and leaves man with nothing more than an apprehensive wish. This is due largely to the fact that his means of attaining individuality are just as confused as his often obscure ends.

"People everywhere just want to be free," say the lyrics of a popular rock song. As concerns decisions or judgments man seems to desire the license to or from (whatever the case may be) all things with which he identifies in his attempt to become an individual. It is not long before he finds that this brand of unresponsible freedom is far from accessible. At first his striving process seems to lead him to a mildly chaotic anxiety. As this intensifies, there is need for the deceit which Pirandello and Buber speak of — the final effort to regain a sense of order or mental structure. The most available caprice is sought which suits the fancy until the process is interrupted by another whimsical fabrication that is more appealing.

It would seem more plausible if the freedom which we employ in our decisions might better be developed firstly by at least realizing man's tendency wherein he is so easily satisfied with his conjurations. Secondly, it is possible that the very idea of freedom has been abused and over-idealized by our exaggerative language. We indeed often think on two-dimensional terms with freedom and license on one end and determinism and restriction on the other. Perhaps freedom, or at least the means of attaining it, would become more meaningful if it were viewed as having some sort of structure (not necessarily restrictive) in order to develop its true potentiality. As it is, novelty lurks behind so many life acts ranging from ideas and concerns to decisions and actions. This being the case, idealistic freedom with its unabashed spirit is

susceptible to every available whim or token. Here, the intellectual purity of ideal freedom may be maintained, but its great potential is seemingly distorted when acted out in concrete experience. At least there can be realization of man's weakness in decision making and awarenes of the possibility of some guidelines. This might guard against impulsive realities and capricious ends which are the consequences of our efforts. Specious living may be superficially pleasing or fair-seeming but its merit is often found to be unwarranted. It is disappointing that most discover this after many years of trial and error. Hopefully the approach discussed herein might, if nothing else, make one more aware of alternatives that are more vital than satisfied fancy or band-wagon arguments. It just semes optimistic for us to expect to fill Eliot's "Wasteland" with stylish clothes, orgies, or a few Indian relics. However since we each develop our potential freedom on making decisions in life, may it only be more rewarding and meaningful than a reckless Age of Aquarius.

THE OCCASION OF A VERY FAMOUS PARTY

CHAPTER II

He looked directly in front of himself as he sat there waiting. Knowing how much money he was putting into this visit, he was waiting impatiently to see if it would be worth it.

He examined the pattern of the carpet, testing the pile with his feet, trying to determine the interior-decorator-store name for the color. He traced the outline of the movie starlet's profile which graced the cover of the magazine in his lap. He felt of the texture of the moss green walls and sat back to enjoy the flood of stereo music soothingly puked from the speaker in the center of the ceiling.

—How boring, he thought. His appointment had been for an hour ago, and there were people who had been waiting before he had even gotten there. Dr. Saurien was good, but two hours for lunch were a little much.

His eyes wandered about the room, regarding the now familiar faces. How appropriate that they all should be there.

There was a fat lady on the sofa directly in front of him. For an hour she had been shrugging her shoulders and snapping her fingers to the piped in music as if she were performing her own television spectacular. Her blouse had food stains all over it; her pill-box hat was dwarfed by her immense body and was faintly reminiscent of a nineteenth century tobacco tin.

A fairly young lady, rather plain in the face, huddled in one corner of a monstrous oaken chair. Her eyes darted back and forth from the front door to the entrance to the examination rooms. She kept brushing her closely cropped bangs from her eyes. Several times, she had begun to walk to the front door, but had stopped and decided against it. Curling up in her meekly accepted throne, she awaited Dr. Saurien.

Next to her, on another chair, sat a teen-ager, identified only by the monograms on his sweater and the back pocket of his jeans: JCS. JCS wore loafers without socks, a maroon sweater — V-neck, and he smoked like a veritable dragon. JCS's pimply face blurted out under a glossy mop of fur that would have made a Clairol blonde positively green.

The eyes wandered back to the carpet, tracing the pattern around the center of the waiting room. The brown expanse in his vision was interrupted by a pair of black shoes and a cane. The shoes inched along, and stopped.

—Young man, could you tell me the time? the owner of the shoes asked.

—It's about two-thirty.

—Thank you. The voice whispered like dry leaves falling in the evening; so did the feet as they inched themselves back to a chair.

The eyes followed the shoes and then looked at the woman sitting on the couch next to him. She had shining dark hair, rich blue eyes, little shell ears and a pink porcelain complexion. She was staring back at him in a most peculiar way. She smiled. He smiled. He smiled

back . . . and looked back at the carpet. He wondered if she were still watching him. And from the carpet, he returned to his neighbor. Yes, she was still looking at him. Feeling rather warm, he squirmed and unbuttoned his coat.

—Mrs. Swanson, Dr. Saurien will see you now.

The shrugging and finger-snapping fatted cow was led by the receptionist to the sacrifice. She waddled and danced her way out of the waiting room. No one stared after her except the eyes which glanced up ever so slightly from the carpet.

Several children, followed by their shepherdess, were regurgitated from the examination room hall; and, screaming and tussling, they were led into the great expanse of the outdoors. The waiting room finally settled into silence and coziness.

The eyes roved to the seductress on the couch. She was still smiling at him with a subtle and personal sensuality. The sensuality deepened every minute, until he feared that everyone in the waiting room would notice. Furtively he glanced around, but again no one was watching.

She moved closer to him on the couch, closer, and even closer. A sweat broke out on his forehead and on his neck. She was snuggled up against him, stroking his arm. The pattern on the carpet suddenly blurred.

He glanced at the door to the examination rooms: no movement. He stared from one person to the next to see if they had seen: no one had seen. He looked back to the temptress beside him. With large, bright eyes, he regarded her from top to bottom.

Leaning right over him, she attached her lips to his, and somehow took his breath away.

He tried hard to listen to the music, what ever it was. A commercial suddenly broke into the continuity of the music—one of the drawbacks to FM stereo. The commercial was for toilet bowl cleaner.

The weight of a lady was on his sleeve. She absolutely refused to leave. He readjusted his coat, straightened his tie, and picked up the magazine on his lap, concentrating on an ad for a new reducing plan and helped Mrs. John R. Lewis of Orangeport, Alaska fit back into the size 10 bathing suit she had worn when she was 14.

Flipping the page, he saw a spread on women's fashions exclusively from Paris, and one of the models bore a striking resemblance to the lady on his sleeve. Slowly turning his head, he found that she was still looking at him with huge liquid eyes and quivering eyelids. Really, this was becoming a little too much for anyone to stand.

Dutifully remembering his wife and three children, he leaped from the couch and deposited himself in the place the fat lady had vacated. Noting the disappointment on the face of the young lady, he flashed his wedding band in her view. Her expression was crushed, and she pouted.

—Tsk, tsk, tsk. The nervous lady in the oaken chair admonished him for his indiscretion.

—But I moved.

—Not soon enough.

Now guilt started to plague his mind. He repeated this cliche over to himself several times, trying to find a better description of his condition, but decided that it fit perfectly. Guilt plagued his mind; it tore little bits and pieces out of his conscience without any qualms. More

sweat broke out on his forehead—no small amount.

—Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk. The old man with the cain shook his withered finger at him.

—Tsk, tsk, tsk. The fat lady waddled out of the examination room and shook her head in a knowing way at him.

—Mr. Clarke, you may come in now. The receptionist smiled in a way that made him believe that her dentures had been set that way at the factory.

In the examination room, cool and subdued, were several chairs and a desk. He sat in one of the chairs. Dr. Saurien was behind the desk.

—Now Mr. Clarke, what exciting things have happened since our last visit?

—Nothing, I'm afraid, Dr.

—Nothing?

—Nothing except that lady just kissed me out in the waiting room.

—She kissed you?

—Yes, very definitely.

—Who is she, do you know?

—No.

—Would you point her out to me?

—Yes. They got up and went out into the waiting room.

—That one. He pointed to the seductress.

The good Dr. Saurien turned to his receptionist.

—Make a call, Miss Flynn, to the state hospital.

Turning to the seductress, Dr. Saurien said: Mrs. Clarke, would you come here to fill out the committment papers?

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Income		
Advertising revenue: Collected		$ 264.00
Receivable		
Subscriptions		
Other		
	Total	$ 264.00
Student Activities allocated for the year		2,667.00
	Total	$2,931.00
Expenditures		
Printing		$2,276.45
Salaries: Editor		260.00
Business Manager		160.00
Binding		30.00
Typing		10.00
Travel expenses		10.00
Art material		1.50
Ledger		13.02
Press Association dues		20.00
Postage		5.80
	Total	$2,786.77
Summary		
Total Income		$2,931.00
Total Expenditure		2,786.77
Balance	+	$ 144.23

By Thomas J. Leclair
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The Journal

December, 1969

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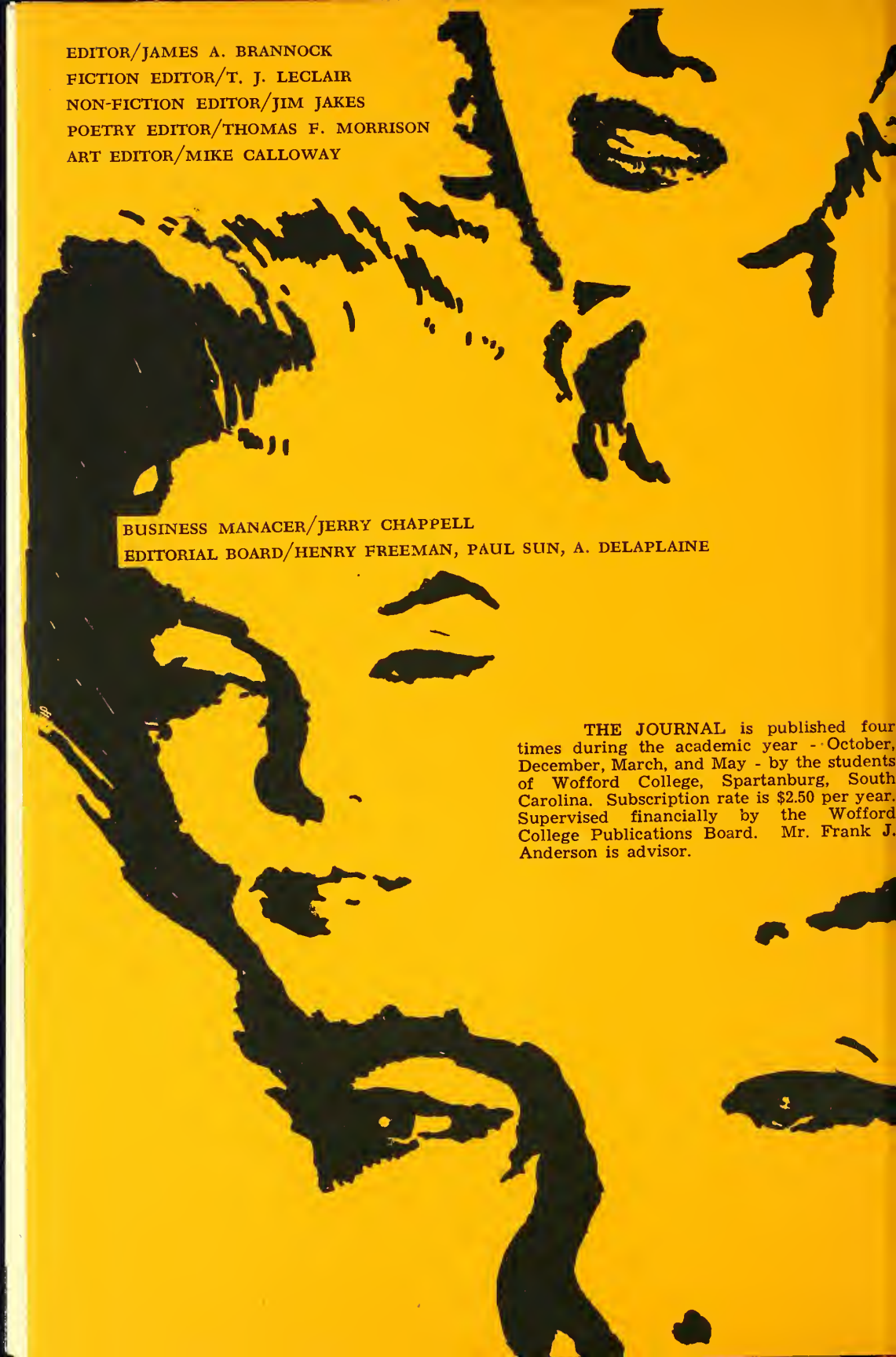

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I climbed to the top of a hill today.
The green grass, the swollen stream, the balmy breeze
Called out to my soul;
Yet I refused to answer.
They called to my heart;
I refused to be moved.
They called to my mind;
I could only laugh.
Slowly I turned and walked back down,
Feeling as though I had lost a childhood friend.

Eugene C. McDowell

SATURDAY MORNING IN APT. 3-B

Cold North wind at my back
    forcing me.
Doors, red with Time's rust,
    open to days past
        now gone.
I stay behind your smile
    searching desperately
        that which I once held elsewhere.
(I wonder what I would do –
    if I did catch the wind, that is?)
I see your eyes ascending
    to heavan
To walk the paths of Yesterday
    leaving it unchanged.
I watch the world grow old and diabetic
    like a toothless, aging dog –
It dies as a child's nightmare,
    slowly –
Leaving it's scars upon your mind.
    Now the sun rises
        late in the evening dew,
I can see at last.

Martin McDermott

RANDOM THOUGHTS

In our search for God,
it will be well to observe
the cat. The cat often
climbs a tree so high
that he sometimes has difficulty
coming down to earth again.

In our quest for knowledge
it will be well to
learn from the ant. The ant
undertakes a burden many
many times greater than himself.

In our efforts to snare
joy and happiness, it
will be wise to listen to
the mockingbird. The mockingbird
mingles many a mirthful
tune with some melancholy chorus.

In our struggle for
freedom and free will, let us
ponder the dog. The dog
who comes quickly at the
master's call and obeys, but
is always at liberty to run
the other way.

As we grope for
immortality, we will
be wise to watch the
Sun. The Sun dies in
the West but in due
time is reborn in the East.

In our desire for love, peace,
and companionship, it will
be wise for us to note
the eagle. The eagle mates
not with the sparrow,
nor the hawk with the dove.

Tim Cash

Danny Kaminer

(on the hanged man)
The fool in green will pendulum between
yes-and-no, this-and-that-and-that.
Achilles-heel grasped over the world's great maw
seeing the deceiving cliff-lips
yet not the cleft in the palette.

Warren Johnson

Across my yard should walk
a gartered glass-snake,
some perfect pet.
Or my puffing nadir
just twice size is nice.
But a sundewed jellyflesh is best,
providing only that it be fresh.

Warren Johnson

A PRE-FOUND THOUGHT

Chris Perry

Wake everybody–
Ya know;
Tell 'em,
today's
gonna open up,
a way
back home,
that's
freer
than free,
and
easy times,
already,
flowing,
colorfilled
inside out,
lights,
turned,
off
to
on,
without hesitation
brothers and sisters
one
and
one
as
one:

til,
yesterday
is
today
is
tomorrow
is . . .
the
a-way,
where
ends
meet;
here,
to,
there,

and back,
as though,
a time–lapse,
of–
thought,
before,
thought.

I'll never be the same again.
I promised to take her the sun
but failed - - -
I gave her the night.
Now she has vanished into sight
and through some phosphorescent light
the stars will stick to my dreams
and a way will put a new thought
on a mind running in all direction
and passing clouds to seek perfection.
To be someone or to be nothing
I decide - - - best is which?
To be everything and nothing
yet nothing at all
Only Love, Life, death, and sand
change in time:
I'll be the same again.

Judd Chapin

CIRCULARITY REVISITED

Unharmonious flow of sensation and cheap thrills
Unmistakably there, damned and denied.
The strumpet has you hooked
And how ill-starred you are.
Should you thank her for her spreading form
Or sew her limbs together with needle and
Penetrating
mental
effort?
When at once she was sonorously glorified
You snuffed her like a mute dream.
She makes a striking pose
That one might posit her worth,
But your thoughts are immiscible.

J. Randy Foster

WHO'S SPEAKING?

"If you want to play ball,
You have to play by my rules."
Why?
"Because it's my ball.
That's why!"
"If you want to play life,
You have to play by my rules."
Why?
"Because it's my life.
That's why!"

Alex Stevens and Marti Collins

Danny Kaminer

CE FLEUVE

Regarde! cette voix ne dit rien,
non plus se répète-t-elle dans les nebuleuses;
et la cri du mort n'est qu'un tesson cassé . . .

La gondole et le gondolier–
regarde ceux qui passent dans le flôt.
Quelle sorte de gondole, voyageant à la rivière?
et le gondolier?–je crois qu'il s'appelle Charon.

La sorcière s'éloigne dans la nuit
à ménager quelque mélange pour un homme ravagé.
Les chenilles s'émerveillent d'elle.
Son haleine soupire du désert
et ses yeux poussent des cris au travers
des mousses de la tombe humide.

Vois la putain! la putain des vents de ténèbres.
Elle danse sur les ombres des hommes morts;
est-ce que tu ne peux pas voir?

Ô, si nous ne reconnaisons pas cette sorcière,
il y a un train vite au tombeau
sans flambeau, sans paroles, ou chansons.

thomas f. morrison

AFTER A WHIMPER

Drops of fluid
)tears perhaps(
dampen the ink
and the words
of the poem
fade

Where were you?
he asks

The falling leaf
left the branch
brown
and touched the ground
black

What were you doing?
he asks

The owners of

the final note
of a symphony
the final touch of paint
for a mural
the final brick
for a tower of Babel

stood ready

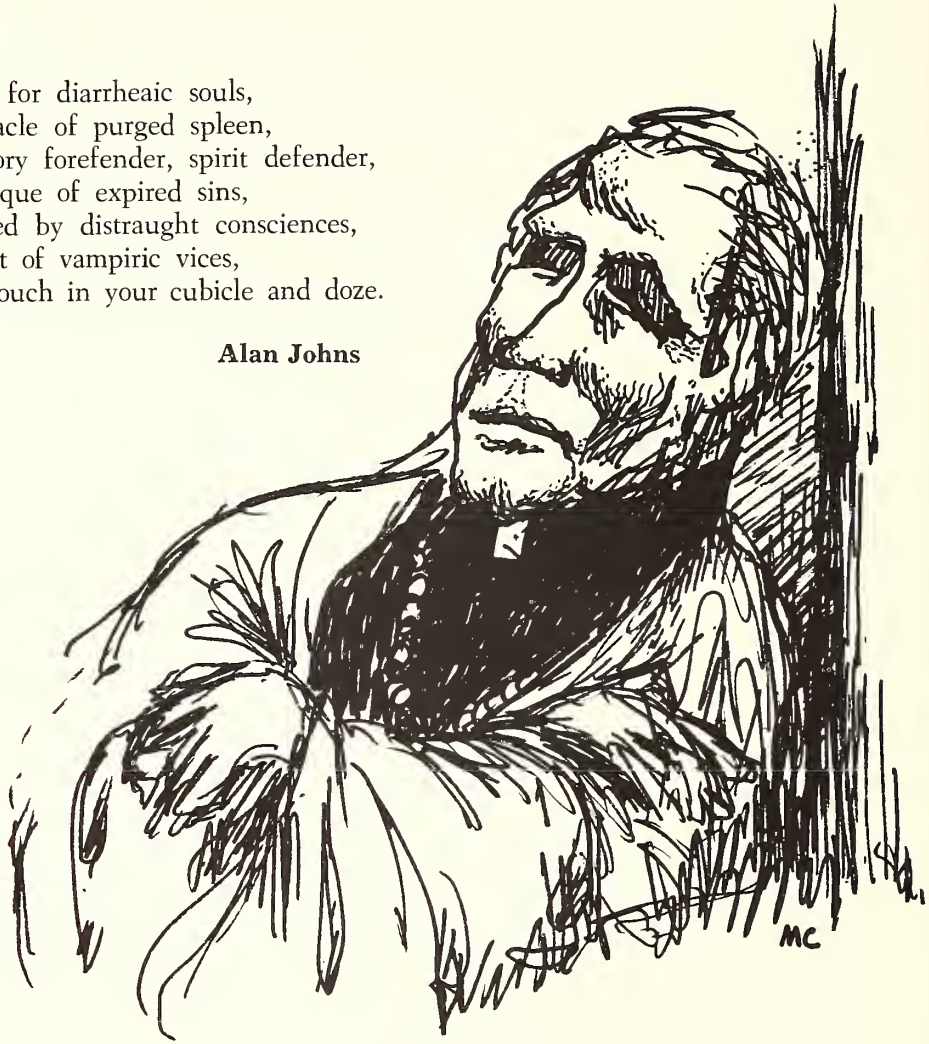
Where were you going
he asks
when the world ended?
boarding the street car
for his cello lessons

Joe Sloan

FATHER CONFESSOR

Urinal for diarrheaic souls,
Receptacle of purged spleen,
Purgatory forefender, spirit defender,
Catafalque of expired sins,
Haunted by distraught consciences,
Exorcist of vampiric vices,
You crouch in your cubicle and doze.

Alan Johns



CONVERGING

We are converging
you and I,
converging on the same point,
you from the north
I from the south.
you've been approaching for hours now
I, for but a few minutes;
we've been converging all our lives
maybe longer
converging on this point . . .
to be together but a few hours
days at the most,
days of peace and joy
fulfillment.
then–
when our time is passed
we will part.
only to converge again,
someday.

Ron Rehrig

THE EXPERIMENT

The words fell like a landslide on His ears. The very thought of it was appalling! To end the experiment now, after all of His work, would be folly. He must see the Science Controller to explain to him his erroneous ways, he must be made to see the immense possibilities of His work. Yes, there must be an error, for nobody as wise and merciful as the Science Controller would issue such an order. Ascending the white marble steps that led to the Building of Science, he noticed the monument to the Advancement of Science and, once again, hope stirred within Him that the Science Controller would maintain faith in His work.

He walked the silent plasticine hallway that contained the Office of Termination, the Office of Hallucinatory Control, and finally to the great (atomic) durasteel doors that housed the Science Controller. Here He was met by four stone-faced Android guards that ranked so highly upon the Elder's list of brilliant accomplishments.

"What is your identity and what is your purpose here?"

Having long been accustomed to such rigid security precautions on behalf of the Science Controller, He answered automatically;

"I am Olin A. Dargas of the Colony of Science, Security Number SC 3189. My purpose here is to meet with the Council of Elders concerning the continuation of cancelled experimentation."

Producing His papers, He awaited the standard procedure of finger and voice printing, initial interrogation and final interrogation before the Ray of Truth. His identity and purpose established, he proceeded on to The Council of Elders.

Entering the Building of Science Control, He was temporarily blinded by the light reflecting off of crystal walls. As His eyes adjusted to the light, He saw an immensely barren room lined on each wall by radium torches that extended from the floor to the ceiling, a distance of approximately thirty feet. There before Him sat the Council of Elders from whom came all final decisions on experimentation and scientific matter. They were the oldest and wisest members of the colony though no one knew exactly how old, for they far preceded any other living creature of that time.

There were seven Elder's with whom His fate rested. Finally, a man with a great white beard spoke;

"Olin A. Dargas, you have requested council here today in order that your experimentation may be granted continuance. Although the council has previously voted to abandon your experiment, you have been granted council to explicate your viewpoints."

Then there was no error! The Science Controller had every intention of terminating His work. He must convince them, they must be made to see!

"Most revered Council, I believe that if you would but grant Me time to speak of the advancements and the promise of the work that I am involved in . . ."

"Present your case."

"As you well know, it has long been the fervent desire of our race to produce a living form — a form of life — that is capable of achieving an intelligence equivilant to that of our own. The closest semblance of success came some three centuries ago with the creation of the Androids — robot bodies which could be made to follow programmed patterns of

behavior but were void of all sense. They were unliving, unfeeling creations that were doomed to never experience true life nor true death."

"Following the development of the Androids, I accidentally came upon the mysterious Kappa radiation that made it possible to transfer our inteligence in primitive form to certain receptible bacteria. Exposing two such individualistic bacteria to this radiation successfully and with the aid of the Thought Transfer Ray, I was able to communicate with them. Though quite fearful of My presence in the beginning, they soon realized that I intended no harm and, as the culture grew, so did the knowledge of My existence.

The culture was in it's one hundredth year of existence and had made great strides in science and inter-relationships when near tragedy occurred. While in My laboratory one day, a colleague stumbled while transporting chemicals across the room, spilling a great many of them on the culture. Fortunately, a small number of them survived the tragedy and continued to thrive.

"Prompted by the advancements made and the apparent success of the experiment, I set about to accomplish My next task — that of personal contact with the culture. Originally, I wished to undertake the transformation and go Myself but My colleagues eventually succeeded in convincing Me to allow one of My assistants to go. Folowing careful weighing of qualifications, one of My most promising assistants,

Emmanuel Q. Porton, was given the honor. He was placed in the Atomic Minituarization Device and, by means of Elemental Tranference, was entrusted to the care of two previously notified members of the culture.

"Success seemed inevitable as Emmanuel mingled among the culture trying to further their still primitive intelligence. Then, through reasons of laxness or sheer frustration, Emmanuel failed. Forgetting his place ,he began to utilize simple processes that had been known to the Furion culture for countless centuries. Things such as elemental transference, atomic rejuvenation, simple methods of medicinal therapy . . . The members of the culture became so fearful of his apparantly awesome abilities that they branded him as a demon and slew him before we could transport him to safety.

"However, the tragedy weighed heavily only upon our hearts as the experiment continued [though it was decided that any further attempts to personally communicate with the culture was out of the question.] We soon observed a spreading of the culture, a formation of seperate colonies among themselves. As their intelligence progressed, so did their difficulties. Wars and other breakdowns in inter-relationships became a major cause of our distress but realizing their still developing capabilities, we did not interfere. Colonies rose and fell to other warring colonies — much like the behavior of red and black ants. Finally, some three years ago, we observed an intelligence level that is amazingly similiar to that of our own. The culture, for the most part, has left their barbarous activities in the past and have progressed at a fantastically surprising rate.

'Elders, I believe that we may now send another envoy into the culture. One that will finally fulfill the ultimate goal of the Furion race — that of establishing a living system whose intelligence is equal to that of our own.

"I have stated My position on and my beliefs and faith in the work to which I have dedicated my life, the continuance of that work shall be governed by your decision. I await your final reply."

"Olin A. Dargas, we have both observed and studied that failure as well as the marked progress of your experimental culture. Be it known that it is also our decision that the culture cannot foresake their barbaric ancestory and will therefore ultimately destroy themselves. We feel that to continue experimentation would be to merely forestall an ultimate fate. Therefore it is decreed by this council to terminate further experimentation immediately."

He had failed! He turned and walked the plasticine hallways, pausing only briefly to glance at the plaque that had once prompted hope. It was not until He had entered the laboratory that He realized the tragic waste of the act. Should He explain the decision to the culture? No, they would never understand and the invitability of the act would only cause panic.

He turned to the Heat Control Index and moved the control until it read "DESTRUCT." He watched as the flame seared the tiny globe . . . Project Earth had ended.

Martin McDermott

Jimmy Hilton

MORTE

MORTON

Morton killed the child. Without reflection, purely a conditioned reflex, he aimed by instinct at the footfalls and deftly squeezed off the shot. Following the customary procedure he clumped over to the corpse to insure death and affirm the victim's sinister intentions. Only then did he comprehend that this body was smaller than the usual run. His initial, wildly defensive reaction was that a midget lay there limp. It was, uncompromisingly, a child; a boy of perhaps seven.

Still unable to admit the youth of the dead thing, he fondled the corpse for marks of maturity. None existed. It was no child-camouflaged midget or other subterfuge. Morton had murdered a child. Reverently unclasping the child's dogtags, he trotted off.

Chief Glenn radioed Morton's post for the expected "all clear" message. No reply forthcoming, he frowned in perplexity. Wiping his perspiring forehead, with his blue cuffed packet, the chief pondered this anomaly. "O'Healy does Morton have any record of not being punctual?"

"I don't think so, sir," his adjutant replied. "Shall I check his file for conformation?"

"No. Too bothersome. P'raps something came up, some little disturbance that delayed him a bit."

"Yes sir . . . but being on the call box is very important."

"Of course," the chief grumbled at his prodding. He could not afford to neglect his duty with eager young bastards like O'Healy panting for higher posts. "I'll give him one more ring before sending a crew to investigate."

The ring produced no response. "This is the first time I've known Morton to shun responsibility. I've no choice but to send out a team for him. Call Security Headquarters and get a force despatched."

The sirens bleeping out a claxon rhythm, the Security vehicles careened through the streets, bound for the silent post of Morton. Hissing to a halt on their ponderous air brakes, the vehicles emitted a half dozen blue shirted occupants, each armed with a rifle stick. Clumsily, the Security men stamped about the vicinity in their kneeboots of the finest calfskin. For all their screaming, banging and probing, the efficient cadre found nothing but the bleeding corpse. 'It's a kid. We don't get many this size," the commander guffawed. After recording a description of the victim for State Records, the commander ordered the routine immolation of the remains. A man stood vigil as the body was consumed to insure the restriction of the fire.

Morton jogged down the black alley, sweating from the strain. He had had the presence of mind not to throw his stick-gun away near the shooting. The State disapproved of such actions because the weapon could come into the grasp of Enemies. Tired, he jingled to a halt and sat exhausted in a decrepit doorway. Conditioning had prevented him from divesting himself of the Security Squad's bulky accountrements. Besides his twenty pound stick-gun, he carried a transparent bullet proof shield, aluminum chains for fettering potential interrogatives, a sonic whistle capable of inducing immobility and a sky summoning console on which he hailed air vehicles in Enemy difficulties. A piece of

equipment unknown to himself but most important to HQ was the minute electronic tracing device which all recruits had embedded into their necks while under Conditioning Anesthesia.

Recovering his strength, he removed his equipment. Then he remembered the Operations Procedure booklet chained to his wrist. Containing the mechanical instructions for the performance of Duty, the metal manual also indoctrinated the bearer politically with such hortatory slogans as: Every Enemy Returned to Ashes Helps Resolve Internal Clashes. Although he knew these homilies unhesitantly, Morton felt guilty in attempting to dispose of the manual. It was impossible anyway. The metal, though extremely lightweight, could not be severed.

Stumbling along the mausoleum streets, Morton found it a bit easier to move without the equipment. For the sake of speed he reluctantly shed the superbly cut calfskin boots. He needed some shelter from the omnipresent S.F. patrols . . . nothing but open streets met his nervous gaze. The subway. Thoughts of the subway, defunct for uncounted deacdes, boarded up at the inception of the Exalted Chief's reign, but yet a haven for Enemies and other undesirables. S.F. men would periodically raid the subway but seldom did they capture Enemies because old maps of the system had been lost and only Enemies were familiar with its labyrinths. As he plunged into the nearest entrance the network of cobwebs sheathing the darkness macabrely tickled his neck.

"It's your responsibility, Chief Glenn," Assistant Section Chief Reilly soberly lectured. "You must be constantly wary of defections. In spite of thorough training, some things just can't be controlled by us higher up."

"Certainly, Chief, certainly," Glenn self-effacingly, ingratiatingly, assured his superior. "But the situation is not irreparable. I'll admit I made a mistake by not dispatching investigators immediately, This might, however, be advantageous in the long run."

"How? By having you dismissed for your laxity now instead of later?"

"Let me explain," he hastily continued. "Morton, like all patrolmen, has the tracer in his skin. We had a bead on him not long after his desertion, but we didn't send a crew to grab him for, uh, entertainment reasons."

"Don't let your innate sadism affect your efficiency."

"Yessir. But we saw that he was going into the subway. Then we decided that we could still trace his movements down there and perhaps discover a whole nest of Enemies in the process."

"Brilliant Glenn," he smirked. "But you know full well that we can't even walk in the subway without stumbling and breaking a leg. Our men know nothing about the layout."

"But that's just it Chief," Glenn elatedly, yet smugly pronounced, "by tracing his movements we can make a map of the whole system."

"Hmm . . . sounds plausible. What if we lose contact with him by some strange quirk?"

"The chances against that are almost infinitesimal. You know the devices are almost indestructible. About the only threat would be from interfering radio waves or Morton himself discovering it."

"Well Glenn it appears that your agile brain rescued you from disgrace or demotion. Be sure to send me daily progress reports."

Barefoot and, by usual standards, nearly naked, Morton groped

through the reeking subway tunnels. The place smelled of remnants of gas which the S.F. men sprayed into the system periodically. Splintered ties and rusty rails tormented his tender feet as he fumbled along driven by an amorphous panic. With the regularity of street corner entrances shafts of moonlight feebly illumined the tunnels. Morton dimly perceived large rats scurrying about and he wondered why the lack of food or the acrid gas had not killed them. Like a thundering wave, a putrid, nose numbing stench immobilized him. Instinctively looking on the floor, he saw a decomposed corpse. He had discovered the source of the rodent's sustenance. Recent horrifying memories spurred him so he jerked his fatigued body forward in adreniline-aided haste.

By the brighter light streaming through the corner entrances Morton saw that dawn had arrived. Weariness vexed his frightened limbs and brain as he moved sluggishly, pausing often to recuperate. More than twenty-four hours had ticked by since he last slept. In spite of his thirst and hunger, his sleepiness proved its suzerainty. He huddled behind a pillar and dozed.

A bare foot jabbed incessantly at his ribs. Alert, he sprang up into a karate defensive position. Like an anaconda, hairy muscled arms constricted about his throat from behind. Facing him he saw a girl. While gagging for breath, he noticed with terror that she was engaged in an effort to pull his trousers off. She completed the operation adroitly and swiftly donned them in all bulkiness. Hairy arms, yet strangling him, removed his blue coat with his free hand. Shoving Morton to the damp concrete, the male accoster pinned him with a horny foot. He then put on the coat, as if the hirsute pelt of his torso were not enough protection. Shivering in his blue skivvies, Morton quit struggling.

"Shall we interrogate him ourselves or take him to Saller?" growled the hairy one.

"It might be more fun to give him an introduction before Saller gets him," purred the girl.

Too dumbstruck by the cursory manner in which he had been stripped and incapicitated, Morton felt himself go numb and flaccid by turns.

"Saller thought we treated the others too well," hairy laughed.

"He's just jealous of our ability," she lilted.

"Isn't he a good little puppet?" hairy asked, fingering the Duty manual resolutely chained to his wrist. "Quote us some of Chief Jone's wisdom, martinet!" he sneered, cuffing the prostrate and bewildered Morton.

"Enemies shall be disposed of . . ." Morton automatically sung out, realizing then the **faux pas** would lead to further vicious taunting.

"Yes," the girl encouraged, "and just who are these 'Enemies'?"

"You!" he hystericaly blurted.

"Oh?" she growled like a feline, "Do I look like a monstrous Enemy of the State?' Preening her dishevelled hair, she spit in his face.

"Enemies of the state, huh?" hairy jerked his head up by the hair. "If we're enemies and you're a defender of the State let's play our respective roles then."

As the vengeful pair prepared to exercise their prerogatives as captors, Morton for the first time took a more perceptive inspection of them. Apparently before confiscating his trousers, the girl had been devoid of substantial clothing. Strutting about in his pants, she nevertheless wore only a grimy vest-like garment on her torso. About thirty,

she had long stringy tresses which covered her back; she intermittently glowered and sadisticaly teased Morton through green glowing eyes.

The man of the hairy arms wore Morton's seized coat and a makeshift breechclout. Equal to the girl in years, he wagged a full beard and wore his hair almost as long as hers. Given an uncomfortably close view of his eyes, Morton observed them to be steely grey.

Producing chains similar to state issue, hairy clanked them about Morton's wrists and secured him to a rusty rail. Seizing Morton's unbound feet in a constrictive grasp, the man ordered the girl to inspect Morton for concealed weapons. "You know all the little crevices," he grinned, squeezing her elbow.

Dispassionately, yet half peccantly, the girl explored the various convalutions and orifices. Fingering his buttocks, she breathed pantingly, a flush crept over her unpristine skin and her darting nipples swelled. Febrilely, she stroked his penis, mysteriously flaccid, and chortled "What could be concealed up here?" Hairy only chuckled at these antics. She vigorously massaged his sexual members but elicited no response. "What's the matter with him?" she wailed, frustrated.

"Don't you remember? As part of their training, they're almost completely drained of their sex hormones, at least those of lower rank. They replace them with female hormones, but not enough to eradicate their agressiveness."

"Yes. I could get nothing from the last blue shirt. Thanks for the impromptu lecture, doctor," she mocked. She sighed, consoling her libido with — "At least they're not surgical eunuchs."

Like a sensitive comb, she filtered through his hair, intimately covering even his neck. Some almost impalpable protruberance interrupted her smooth journey. "He's got one too."

"I thought he might have," hairy confirmed, his intuition self satisfied, "let's remove it."

A lancet suddenly poised between his fingers, the man pounced on Morton's neck professionally. Stroking like an expert barber, he ferreted out the homing device. Morton felt no pain, only amazement that some electronic contraption had been dug from his flesh. "How did that get there?" he stammered.

"You really don't know, do you?" the girl clucked.

"You know more about it than I," he shrilled.

"It's a simple electronic homing device," hairy lectured. "Like so many verities in your State, you were completely unaware of its existence. By this covertly planted device, no more than an electronic flea, they know of your movements constantly."

"But we still haven't decided whether it's a thing carried only by spies or general equipment in the lower ranks," the girl expounded.

"But I'm not a spy, I'm . . ."

His defense arguments fell on indifferent ears as hairy knuckled him across the mouth, inducing silence. Ignoring further civilities, the pair marched Morton toward the lair of Saller.

"We've lost contact with Morton," Glenn apologized to his superior.

"What happened?"

"Emanations suddenly ceased just as we had traced him through some very valuable territory.'

"You had better show me some tangible results, Glenn. Remember my warning."

"Don't fret, Chief. Maybe not extensively, but quite definitely,

we've got some sort of blueprint."

"Do you think it leads to an Enemy concentration?"

"Either that or Morton dropped dead."

"On your recommendation, Glenn, I will despatch a strong contingent to the area; they'll be using your blueprint. Any hitch and you . . . well you know your destination."

"Assuredly, Chief," Glenn fawned. "Maybe this can bust the Enemy into harmless fragments."

"No Enemy fragments, so long as they oppose the State and Chief Jones, are harmless," he snapped. "Carry on."

"Obviously our movement is underground in a very literal sense," Saller chuckled. "But I'm not here to acquaint you with our organization. Tell me what you can 'Morton'. If you're really a lower-echelon patrolman and not a spy, an intriguing dichotomy deserving further inspection, convey to us whatever your meagre brain is capable."

"I'm Morton. I am a footman first class. My beat is on the corner of twentieth and . . ."

"None of the elementary chaff is useful, machine! I know you're appallingly ignorant of your own operations — or feigning stupidly.'

"Listen. You know so much about the outer world — do I resemble a spy in any way?"

"We don't know enough. Without the various electronic and laser devices employed by State zombies, we cannot be as efficient as our enemy."

"But you're the Ene . . .", Morton, conditionally reflexed, mumbled.

"Of what?" Saller smiled acerbically. Not wanting a reply, he enumerated, "Of protean Jones and his tyranny? Yes. Of the State sucking the spirit from a man like a hyena sucks the marow from carrion? Assuredly. Of unmanning, yourself as a paradigm example? We raggedly but assiduously foment against these inconsistencies."

Impervious to this philippic, Morton protested his neutral, at worst, sentiments. "I just do my job. You know, orders."

"Let us assume that you are no spy." Saller sighed. "What could compel you to desert and activate the machinations of State vengeance?"

"I don't know."

"Insanity? An urge for freedom? Realization and repugnance of your contemptuous position? Fear?'

"I don't know. But I don't want to return."

'Don't think the old ploy of pledging obeisance to the Underground will save your life."

"I'm not pledging allegiance to anything. Except Chief Jones," he spasmically replied.

"This mummery accomplishes nothing," Saller snapped. "I could employ torture but it appears nothing could erase the State ordure clogged in your brain."

"Let me alone then. I'm not sinister. I just want to wander down here and not be badgered by the State or you."

"Everyone not integral to the Underground is removed.'

"I don't want to be integral to anything but myself."

"And Emperor Jones," Saller contributed.

"No. Not even to him. My outbursts are remnants of my former regimentation. I want neither the State's dictate nor yours."

"You can't be like that," horrified Saller lectured. "Self is nothing. Either you are employed by State or anti-State forces. Neutrality is

worse than non-existance."

"But I'm neither man nor woman.'

"Androgyny does not imply political indifference."

"I feel no urge except for survival. That need is satisfied without State or Underground."

"But civilization is a political structure."

"Who needs civilization?"

"The tendency toward order innately motivates men."

"You're more and more like the State in your rantings."

"They're not rantings. We foursquarely oppose the State. We embrace democratic principles and individual rights."

Wherein lies the difference? If you employ State methods to enforce democratic designs, in reality, there exists little variation."

"You're mistaken. Pragmatically, it is the end, not the means that's paramount.'

"Nevertheless, your organization beats with the rhythm of terror and unswerving discipline."

"But terror for a moral end. Why do I discuss such subjects with a perfect product of State assembly lines?"

"Yes, you cannot convince me by debate so you revert to atavistic but effective brutality."

Sidling up to the incensed Saller, an aide whispered some information. Nonplussed, he returned some low pitched instructions and deliberately began filling a battered valise with papers from the filing cabinet.

"A State raid?" Morton superfluously asked.

Nodding, Saller stuffed further files in the receptacle.

"I will unobtrusively disappear, then," Morton announced.

"No." Sallars summoned some burly henchmen and grunted, "Take this State vermin to the place and eradicate him."

Morton struggled. The bidden servants persisted in their grasp. Reducing his body to limpness, he passively vied with them for his life. Without Saller's rancour, but with practiced motions, the executioners pulled him against a pockmarked wall. As one held Morton's head steadily, the other vacuosly despatched him with an ancient hand pistol. They left the corpse, but for the ragged hole in the temple, unmolested.

Yellowish gas seeped through the tunnel complex, resembling acrid fog. Masked and uniformed, State S.F. men darted through the various sinuous halls. For convenience, they assembled the few scruffy, half naked captives in a single spot. Depriving them of their spirits with stick-guns, the S.F. men performed their usual pyromanic rites with the bodies.

Chief Glenn smugly surveyed the charred remains. Morton's desertion, rather than allaying his career, had led directly to this little coup. He ordered his subordinates to seek out Morton for congratulation before he must die. "How many did we consume this time?" he asked O'Healy who was recording the precise number in his delegated booklet.

"Six, sir. One woman."

"Another female freedom fighter, huh?" Glenn tittered. "Too bad we couldn't have a go at her before," he leered, punching O'Healy in the ribs.

Before he could further elucidate his erotic proclivities, a patrolman announced the discovery of Morton's body. "Did the gas get him?" Glenn mused.

"Looks like a bullet, sir."

"I wanted to inform him of his humble role in my gaining upper echelon esteem," Glenn tutted. "Dispose of the body with the other State enemies."

"What could have made him desert, Chief," O'Healy begged.

Belying his omniscience, Glenn bombasted about personality faults, inadequacies and general penury of spirit. Concluding his oration about Morton's pusillanimous life, Glenn was interrupted by a messenger tugging his braided sleeve.

"Yes, patrolman?"

"It's Mrs. Glenn, sir. She says your son hasn't returned from his school yet. He left two days ago after his tutor treated him meanly. She wants you to authorize a search for him."

"A spunky lad," Glenn approbated his son's initiative in not tolerating criticism. "He's probably already here in town. Tell all patrolmen not to shoot at any boys until positive document checks have been made."

A trembling patrolman approached Glenn, trying to hide silver identification tags. "We found these on Morton, sir."

The timidly proffered tags were those of Chief Glenn's son.

Alan Johns

OLD HESTER POOLE

Like all college kids, I guess that we had a hang-up on proving that we were free. Our chosen method of expression was trips to the mountains. We called them "spontaneous" because we were supposed to go wherever the mood led us. As I now reflect, I can realize that

only the first such trip was spontaneous. The others were merely counterfeits seeking to retain the original, yet forgetting what the original had been.

On one of these latter trips we stopped— as always— at the Polly Crisp Grocery. It was just a small mountain store. As usual, I bought apples. I had gone through the basket picking out the largest and the hardest ones. Hard apples were her favorite.

Thus we sat, munching on our selected apples and watching the barefoot kids across the road playing ball. The girl who was pitching was almost as big as I. I was watching the game with such interest that I didn't hear anyone approach the car.

—Hey, lady. Hey, lady. Lady, could you roll down your window.

There was a cringe from the surprise and a touch of fear because men just don't do that sort of thing these days. I guess that he must have shocked her even more since he was on her side of the car. From what I could see through the window, I didn't really think that the old fellow was after my girl. My guess was that he must be begging. I just knew that I was going to have to either give him some money or blow my cool in front of her.

—Lady, I'm a sick man. I got to get to a doctor. I'll pay you anything you ask if you'll take me to Marietta. Doc Sloan is going to meet me at five o'clock.

We looked at each other. With a girl along, I was hesitant to pick up anyone. But I knew that she was a special girl and I recognized the look in her eyes. It was already decided but I unnecessarily asked, "Do you mind?" As she answered, "No," I unlocked the back door. The old man hollered to someone in the store, telling them that he had found a ride. No one looked up or replied. Turning the car around, we headed down the mountain.

—I'm a sick man, lady. It came on me this morning. I'm a dying.

For God's sake, man, don't die in my car! What would I have done with him if he had died right then? I couldn't have even told the police who he was.

—I sure do appreciate this. I'll pay you anything you want. My name is Poole. My grandson would've taken me, but he's gone to Columbia. He's goin' to be awfully distressed when he finds out that I got sick while he was gone. He'll be back tomorrow morning. My sister would help me out if she knew. She married a good, Christian man and they live over near the bleachery. I'm a dyin' man. It came on all of a sudden. I'm older than you think I am, lady. I'm eighty-seven years old. How old are you boy?

—Twenty.

—Have you been in the army?

—No, sir, I'm in school.

—After you get out, if you need a job, I'll get you a job. I got my niece a job after she got out of school. I sure do appreciate this and I'll pay you anything you ask. Do you mind if I smoke my pipe?

—No, sir.

—I smoke my pipe but I ain't never touched a drop of whiskey. You pay attention to that, boy. The Bible says it's wrong. I tried to live a good life, and I tried to help people. Lady, I sure do thank you for this and I'll pay you, boy. Turn in this next driveway, here. Right beside that building. That's old Doc Webster's office, he'll see me. Go see if he's in."

It was an old building and some of the windows were knocked out.

It had obviously been long since empty and I wondered at the times that this old codger had seen in this area. I knew that I couldn't argue with the old man, so, for show, I got out of the car and looked at the building.

—Mr. Poole, Dr. Webster must have moved.

—Well, you take me right on down the road, here. Doc Sloan's goin' to meet me at the drug store.

—Which one is it?

—That one over there. You can park right in front.

We parked in the front of the store like he said. He and I went in while she waited in the car. We went to the back of the store so he could sit down. He asked the druggist for some medicine, but, of course, the man couldn't give him anything. Mr. Poole would sit for a while then get up and walk about kind of hunched over and moaning ocassionally. He kept one hand tenderly on his stomach.

—Ask the man if we can use the telephone.

We tried to call Dr. Sloan, Poole's sister near the bleachery, and several of his friends. We waited, and waited, and waited . . .

—I'm sure Doc Sloan will be here soon.

—Yes, sir. Uh, we're going to have to leave soon. Can you get a ride back home?

I had promised to take her to a movie and we had to go home and change clothes first. It was supposed to be a good movie and we were both looking forward to it.

—We can call one of my friends, boy.

The druggist asked us to use the phone at the front of the store rather than tie up his business phone.

Skinner, T.S., didn't answer; neither did Phillips, Robert L.; or Outz, Ben J. Henson, Larry, wasn't there and his wife didn't know where he was. Dennis, Timothy P., on Blacksnake Road, finally said that he would come. What a relief! I began to make a hasty retreat.

—I sure do thank you, boy. Here, let me give you two dollars.

Two measly bucks! Was that all that he had meant by ". . .anything that you want!"

—No, thank you, sir.

—Aw, take it, boy.

—No, sir. You say that you've helped people and not asked for anything. Now, I've helped you the same way.

—Well, I sure do thank you, boy, and you thank the nice lady, too."

—Yes, sir. I hope that you get along O.K. and that you don't have any trouble finding the doctor or getting your ride home.

That was a relief to get rid of him, but it did feel good to know that I had helped someone. We had to hurry a little bit but we still made it to the movie on time. It was a good movie, too.

Her parents never did understand our story. Every time that we go out, they warn us not to pick up any hitch-hikers. They didn't see that poor old man, though.

I guess that he made it home all right. Once, when we were passing through there on another of our "spontaneous" trips, she thought that she recognized him sitting on a porch. I was driving and in a hurry to get to wherever we were going so I didn't see the fellow she was talking about. I think about old Mr. Poole from time to time, and I keep checking the obituary column for his name. I'm concerned about the old fellow.

James A. Brannock

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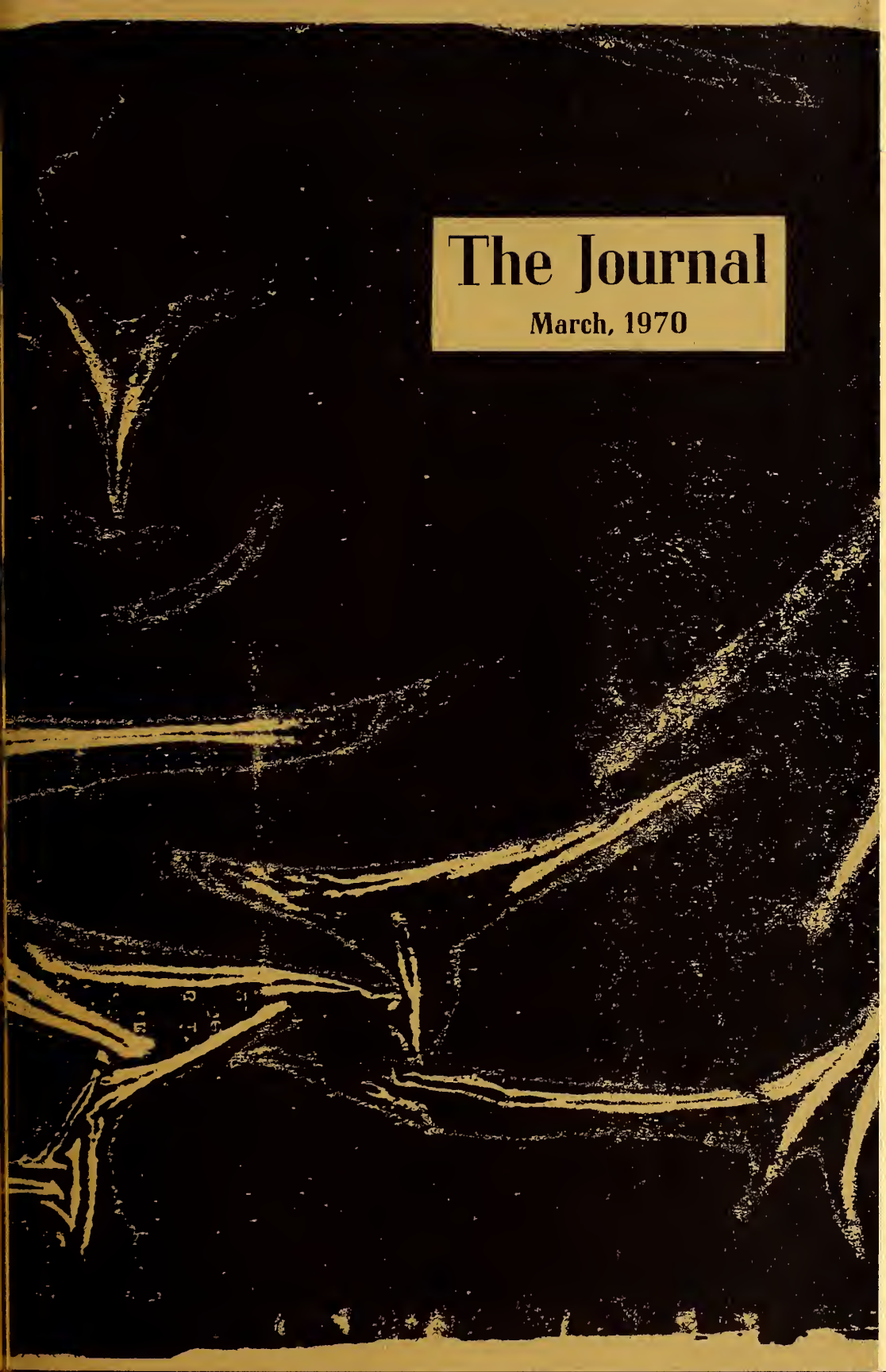
The Journal

March, 1970



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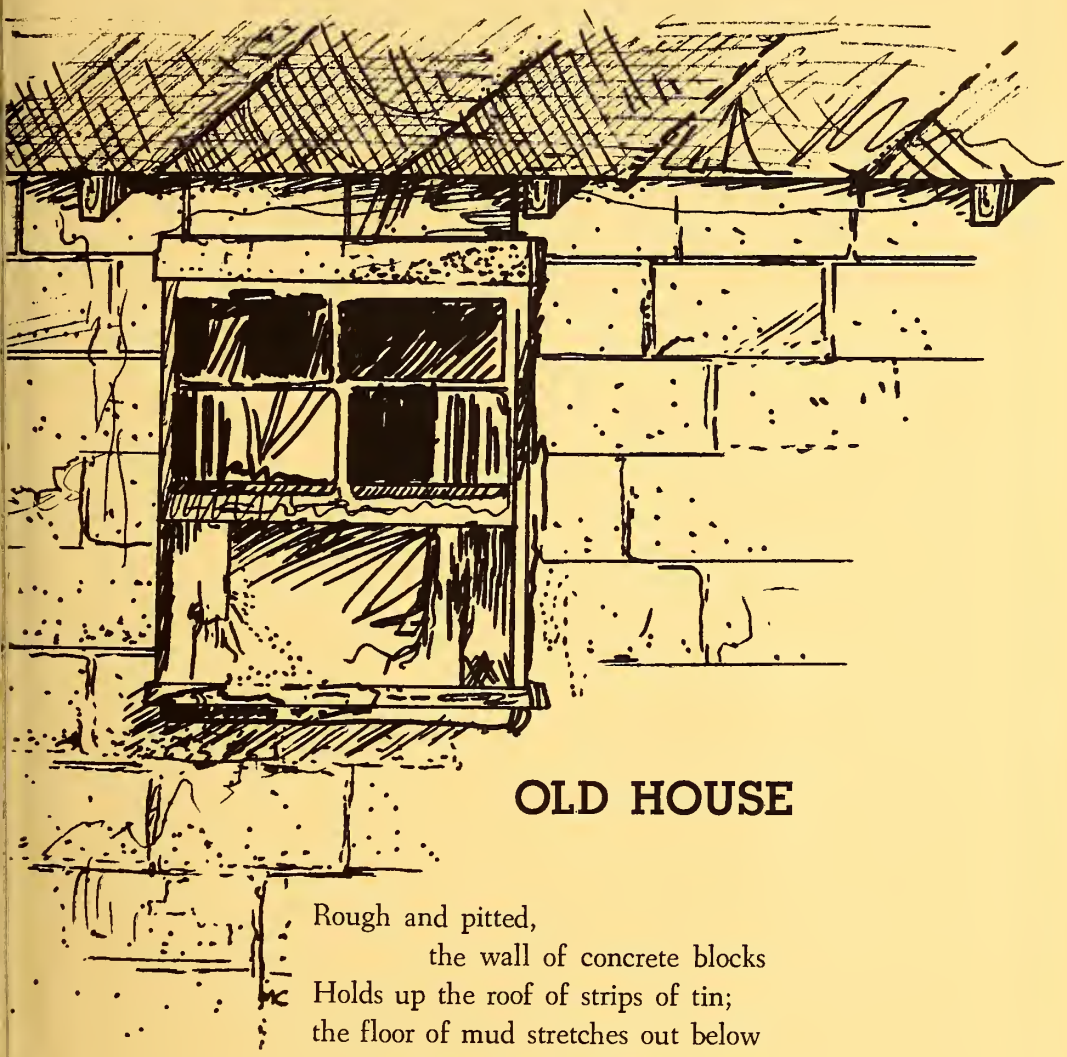


OLD HOUSE

Rough and pitted,
the wall of concrete blocks
Holds up the roof of strips of tin;
the floor of mud stretches out below
and the rag across the window
blows with every suggestion of wind.
The old wooden door full of cracks
creaks absently as it is thrown back and forth.
An old iron stove stands in the middle of the room
with not enough wood to fill it.
A mailbox is nailed to a post
to be gorged each month on the tenth.
That is all.

NO ONE TOLD ME

Blood
trickling
slowly
seeping
Strange
no one told me

Death
creeping
quietly
overtaking
Sorrow
awaits her descent

Life
ending
Barely
beginning
Trembling
hands reach out

Strange
no one told me

PROMETHEUS INTRODUCES FIRE TO THE UNIVERSE

"It was right under your nose,"

he illuminates dunderheaded Man,

"you rub two sticks together."

Agog, the goatherd fumbles –

and singes his beard;

thrusting his horny foot

into the smoldering ashes-

he yelps in discomfiture;

flea-less, he scratches

because of their absence,

not knowing that the incipient blaze

scorched them off.

Prometheus screeches,

his liver perpetually

plucked out –

spit-impaled, a sizzling boar

drips its fat

in Prometheus' flame.

FINALLY

He let his mind wander;
(like on a warm summer night
when there's nothing better to do)
He thought back to when he was young
and didn't give a damn –
when spring
held magic for him
in a woman's arms
and
her sighs
were urgings
He smiled for a minute
but it soon faded –
The sun was setting
and he shivered
as he felt
the warm sunlight creep
from his face.
Day's end always made him sad
even as a child –
Yet somehow he felt
he shouldn't be –
the mud-stained private said,
"He's dead, sergeant."

Allen Plaxico

Louis P. Smith

Ted C. West

Jerry Clement

PROTEST

Only
One
On
O
As
O
Owes
One
But
O
Owes
None
So
Why
Only
One?

A small smile
happening helter skelter
across the face that
used to be a little child's
not very long ago
you came from
i don't know where
and your quiet gaze
said
I've come home –

The prodigal sun
has set
and you
my small light

Rise to place before me
the passions
you have suffered
the treasures
you have lost
and then perhaps
the love you have
so idly taken
from passers by
i don't know where . . .

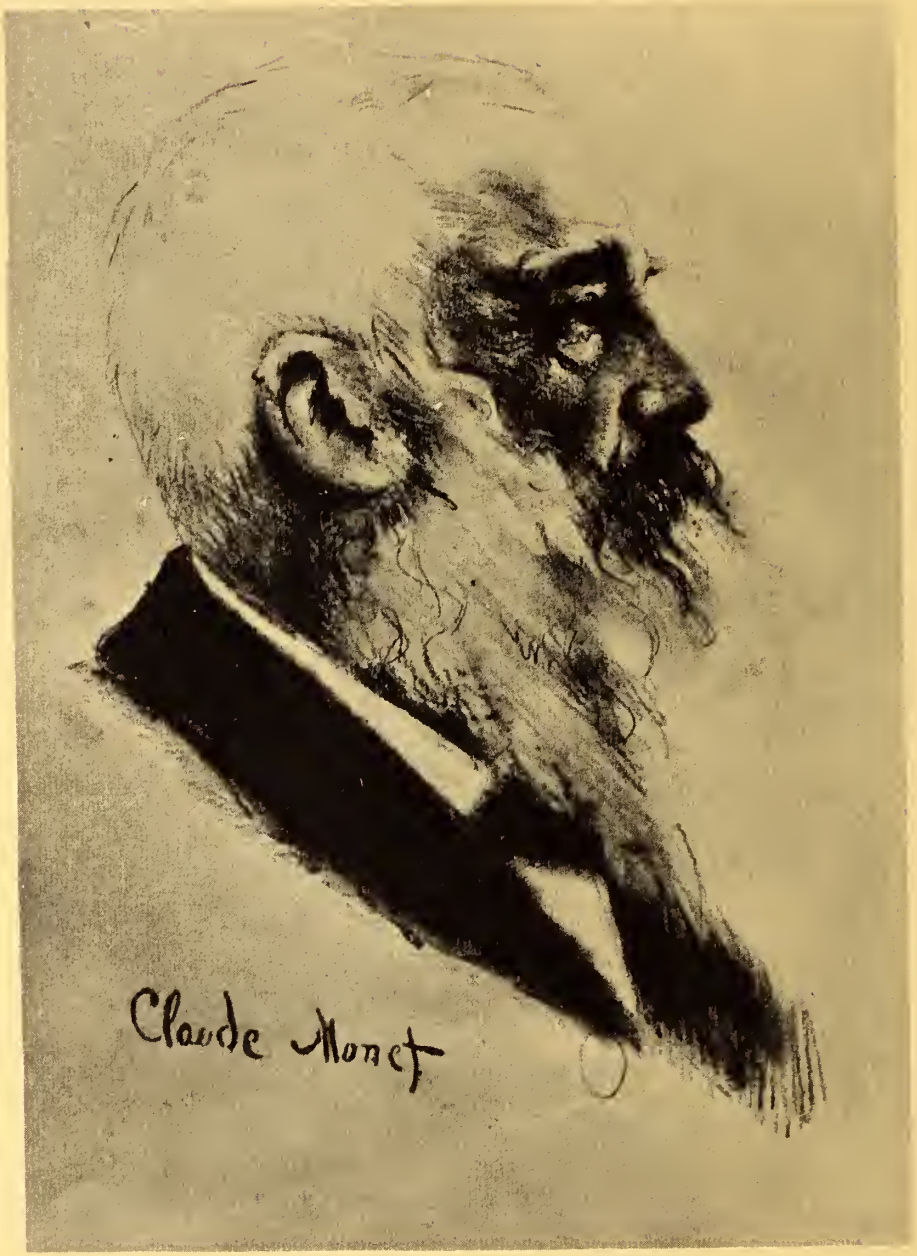
Blaze forth sun
i am wholly jubilation
and
it is morning now

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SUNRISE

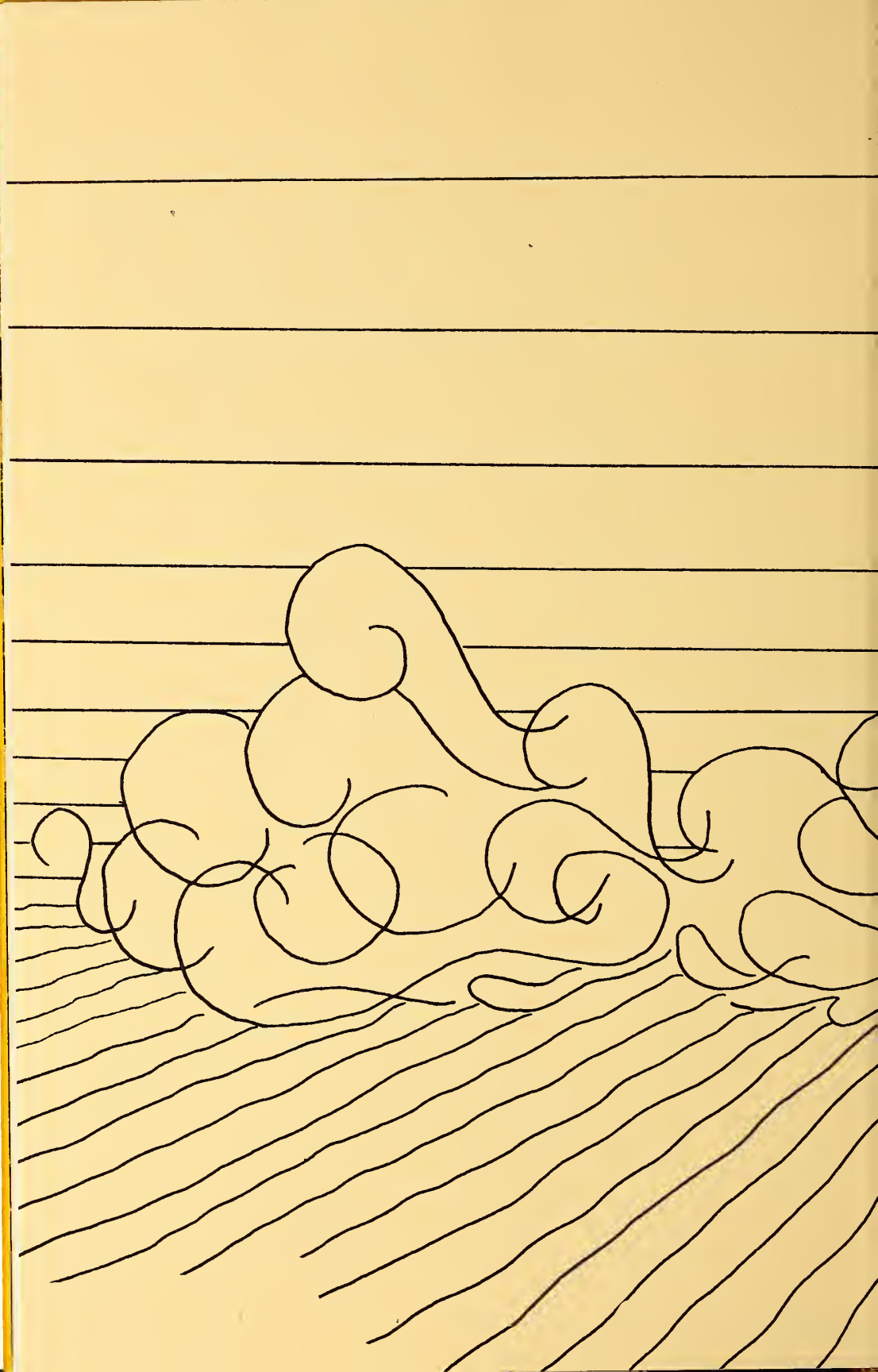
Ted C. West

DRAGON

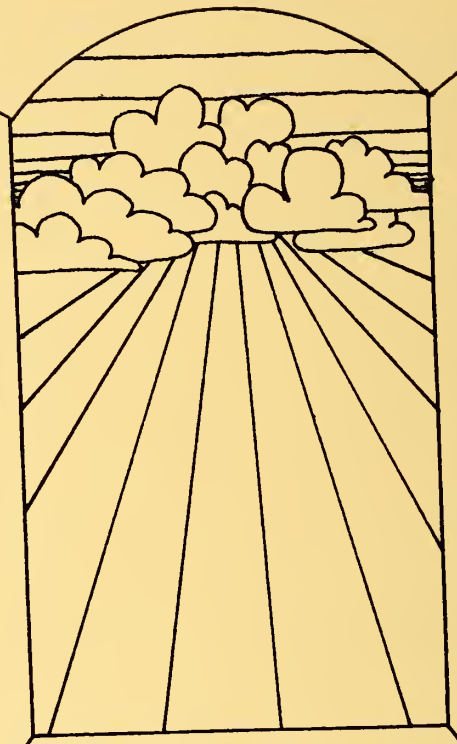
they've brought out the leaf sucker again,
and trucks
and men;
sucking up a whole summer's work.
sucking up my joy.


Claude Monet

Warm air
from some hidden ventilator
massaging
the physical cold
from
our bodies, drying
our rain drenched clothes
jumbled
throughout the apartment
Saturday afternoon,
Saturday night
Sunday –
morning, afternoon, night
ours alone.
Across the bay the day starter
shrilly announces Monday morning,
our pied piper
piping us apart



I wanted to rest
(just for a year)
and turn my thoughts toward the sea
and the discovery of its secrets.
I wanted to watch it prowl silently
along the shore late at night
(like a tomcat full of untameable energy
on his nightly rounds –
a shadow moving among shadows)
I wanted to watch the sea rage
at the wind and heaven
for daring to disturb its tranquility –
watch it grow higher and higher,
swell larger and larger until,
like an overripe womb,
it bursts,
dashing itself suicidally against the rocks free
I wanted to lie in the moist sand,
run in the surf sit in the sun
create vast new worlds.
I wanted to talk to the fish
and the sea.



SOLITUDE

I am alone now. At last, silence surrounds me. The long awaited and much needed sorting of my mind begins. All of the trials, fumbles, and successes that have taken place since my last communion flash by, some painfully, some otherwise. They roar past like trains on the dark screen which surrounds me. They float easily and reassuringly by as I

look up into the restful Heavens. Heavens are but another silent but unmistakable sign of God's love for man.

Why? Why clears a path through my sorted, understood, and discarded compendium of emotions, actions, and reactions. The solitude which surrounds my infrequent but intensely revitalyzing communions with my Maker allows me to complete my inevitable inventory and proceed to future happenings of this hurly-burly world located sometimes within feet but usually miles of my communion place. The why of events of this seemingly un-Godlike world overwhelm me. Why riots? Why wars? Why sufferings? Why misunderstanding? The companions of the whys are ever-present, and we all know or have heard of most of these becauses. The peace, silence, and darkness of the places of this world that I visit during my communions allows a study of these problems without tension and with the assurance that conclusions reached from these deliberations are so reached with the help of the Supreme Being.

A breeze will invariably spring up bringing me back to reality. The trees will tremble and sway as if beckoning me to leave. The noises of the night arise and all but preclude further meditation except for the inevitable final act — the prayer for forgiveness, courage, and the ability to follow the right path in future emotions, actions, and reactions.

The silent, dark, and peaceful surroundings are abandoned to their usual predators. As I turn to walk back up the beach, or up the embankment back to the dorm, or away from the center of the open field, a longing as well as a satisfaction wells up inside of me. It is a dual satisfaction, one part of which has been described. The longing, of course, is for the next communion, and the second part of the satisfaction is the fact that I will have that next communion one way or the other, and that again I will be satisfied, and long, and be satisfied.

AN EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

The spectre of censorship having worked everyone into a pother, I shall now examine one of our most revered ditties, the National Anthem, through the eyes of a censor.

Oh, say can you see . . .

(Uh oh, I sense some concupiscence here. Could it be a smirking Peeping Tom nudging his fellow pervert?)

By the dawn's early light . . .

(Harrumph! Skulking about before daylight;)

What so proudly we hailed . . .

(Whew! "Hailed" huh? If you ask me, it's some euphemism for "held". Could—could they be "holding" themselves?-exhibitionists?)

At the twilight's last gleaming . . .

(Now they're doing it from dawn to dusk!)

Whose broad stripes and bright stars . . .

(My God! That phrase is implicit with smutty innuendoes. "Broad"? No doubt a woman. "Stripes"? Obviously some sadistic hint at whips and other fiendish paraphernalia. "Bright stars"? People see stars as they cavort in masochistic glee. Could also mean sequins on a stripper's G-string.)

By the ramparts we watched . . .

(A strippers runway, "ramparts"? Worse yet, a leftwing suggestion of barricades and such.)

Were so gallantly streaming . . .

(Hmm . . . "gallantly" . . . a synonym for "gaily". No-not a homo element!)

And the rockets red glare . . .

(Graon! "Rockets"? Obviously a bald reference to the phallus. "Red glare"? Inflamed Communist organ?)

The bombs bursting in air . . .

(Bursting bombs! I can divine a hallucinogenic strain.)
Gave proof through the night . . .
(Night proofs. The vaginal stain? Nocturnal emissions?)

That our flag was still there . . .

(Patently a relieved self-assurance that no fulfillment of a castration fantasy has been effected.)

Oh say does that star-spangled banner yet wave . . .

(A waving flag? A derogatory personification of our National Emblem that vests it with the clownish ability to gesticulate.)

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

(Free. Hah! Free love! Brave? Posh!)

After such a rigorous analysis, one can only conclude the following about the writer of the song: He (she? it?) is a sado-masochist drug addict who affects hippie garb and leftist sympathies, is a blatant exhibitionist and frequents brothels or worse with swishy companions.

THE PROS AND CONS OF THE SACRED BLUR

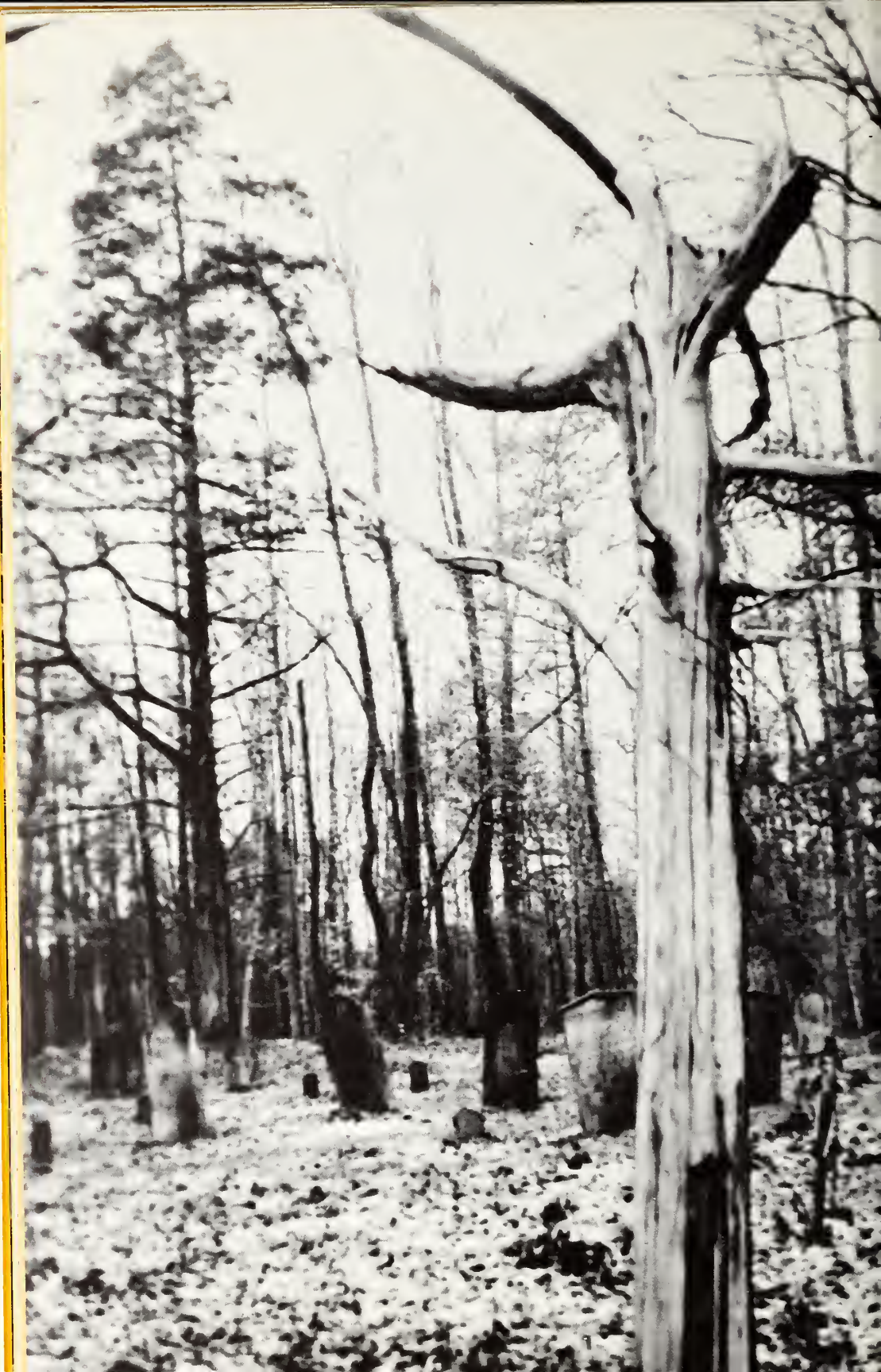
How do we justify our existence at this particular space and time: a fulfillment of the divine plot, a continuation of the evolution process, or is the demand for justification justified? What is the essence of life: a cognitive, conscious, subject—object sort or one of direct, active participation? How do we understand historical isolation and humanity as oneness? What is the meaning of life: some kind of subjective feeling, something objective and capable of being possessed, "a sickness unto death" or a preparation for heaven? What awaits us at the end of life: a meaningful teleological conclusion or nothingness? These questions, which are not at all new, are imposing and pending. I do not attempt to answer all these questions, if answers are possible. But I think the idea of religion and God has something to do with these issues. Let God be understood, in this case, as that vaguely designated deity whom priests, preachers, theologians and men in the streets talk about. I purposely leave out the "philosophical equivalent" because I **feel** it is often the victim of "achieving the all-embracing absolute in metaphysical speculation." It should not be taken that I have defined what God is, but rather I have defined my scope. I would like to present the ideas of some logical positivists, psychoanalysts, existentialists and theologians, and a few others on religion and God.

The positivists maintain that all traditional religions are transcendent metaphysical realities. Then, being transcendent, there is no possible logical process that will lead us to their discoveries; also being metaphysical, these "realities" are not verifiable by empirical means. Then if they are not demonstrable in this phenomenal world, would they not fall into the realms of intuition, imagination, dogmatism, etc., which can neither be validated nor refuted? How can, say a Christian assert his faith positively? Thus, to the logical positivists, God is impossible and religious assertions are nonsensical. The neo-orthodox theologians answer this charge partially; but let me postpone their answer and see what the psychoanalysts can contribute.

C. G. Jung, 1875-1961, a psychoanalyst, contends that the essence of religious experiences is the submission of the experienced to a higher power which seizes and controls the subject. Since the unconscious, according to him, is not merely a part of the individual mind but is a power beyond our control intruding upon our conscious mind, Jung thus reduces the religious experiences to psychological phenomena. For S. Freud, 1856-1939, religion has its origin in man's helplessness in confronting the forces of nature without and the instinctive forces within. Man copes with these threatening forces by relying and obeying "his Father", an experience he has learned as a child. Thus, to Freud, religion is an illusion based on "childish" wishes. (But the fact that an idea which satisfies a wish does not necessarily mean it is false, weakens this position. Freud was aware of this).

To these charges, the modern theologians replied. They re-assert that reality goes beyond the purely physical and the rational. There are phenomena, such as the will, the basic drive element in life, etc.,

Jimmy Hilton



Jerry Clement

Jimmy Hilton

which cannot be totally accounted for by the purely material. Also the fact that human events do not happen with the same necessity that rule nature promises some category of reality beyond the logical and the necessary. Some theistic existentialists also make distinction between existentialist thinking and abstract speculation: whereas abstract thinking explores the realm of possibilities by means of logical techniques and achieves only hypothetical knowledge, the existentialist thinking achieves knowledge of actual, concrete experience. Further the modern theologians insist that knowledge of God must be **a posteriori**; one must enter into an "I-Thou" relationship with God before one can claim to be acknowledgeable. The solely discursive, "I-It", **a priori** discussion of God is unintelligent and should be abandoned. To them, a man is religious only when he is "gripped" by a power beyond his own orienting his perspective in "that" direction. Such happening is characterized by a passionate, inner commitment to something which is objectively and **theoretically** uncertain. It is clear at this point that the theologians have presupposed the existence of God and any relevant discussion follows therefrom.

But the existent traditional religions offer us some variety of perspectives: that one should choose any particular one above the other is, in my opinion, subjective and "unwarranted", a fact some theologians have admitted: that faith involves some risk. It is also obvious, in order to be committed, one has to be emotionally involved. Now, if an intellect is capable of analyzing emotions and feelings, will he not, I wonder, be in a less position to be moved, say, by the unconditional love demanded by Jesus Christ with his accusing finger?

I am incapable of drawing any conclusion; my sole purpose is to present some views on God and even to this end I feel short, for I have omitted many contributory thinkers.

WHY I READ BOOKS I HATE

For me, reading has been more than just a means to an education; it has been a source of great pleasure and recreation. Unfortunately, there have been times in my literary experience when I have despised the work I was reading with such a passion that I wished to flush the blasted thing down the toilet and run screaming to the closest vocational training center to learn how to repair refrigerators for a living. How, you ask me, could such a dire turn of events arise? Why do I grasp my entrails and plunge forward into something that I know I am going to hate after ten pages and completely forget within three days after finishing the wretched instrument of torture? Discovering the answer has not been easy. Only after a great deal of penetrating self-analysis have I been able to isolate THREE PRINCIPAL CAUSES, which I will set down for the readers' inspection:

1. Every critic from here to Shanghai says the volume is a real classic, and I am not educated unless I read it.

2. The damn thing is in vogue and I don't want to feel inferior to the fashionably intellectual who chuckle behind their hands at you when they discover that you have not read **The Lord of the Rings** or **Portnoy's Complaint.**

3. "The Jacket Blurb Syndrome"

The observant reader will note that the first two causes are rather broad in nature and could be applied to other topics in the same general line of the one I have been discussing. (Examples: "Why I Listen to Music That I Hate," "Why I Look at Paintings That I Hate," "Why I Date Girls That I Hate," etc.) No doubt every serious student has fallen victim to Cause No. 1 at one time or another. I would imagine that even the greatest of literary scholars has been driven into an hysteria of boredom by the weighty tomes of geniuses like Milton, Dryden, and Gibbon, to mention only a few of the towering figures only critics, teachers and editors of textbooks seem to enjoy. (Actually, the editors and teachers probably harbor a secret hatred for the works of the before-mentioned authors, but use the study of same as an outlet for latent sadistic tendencies toward unsuspecting students.) I'm afraid that there is no immediate remedy in sight for the preceding situation. For as long as students are required to take English literature classes and English departments have distribution requirements, this sad situation will continue to exist.

Cause No. 2 is a bit more specialized, I must admit. However, almost everyone has suffered through that feeling of bitter inadequacy that comes with having to sit through a conversation that deals with nothing but a movie you have never seen, a song you have never heard, or a show business personality that you don't know from Adam. All of these situations roughly parallel the situation of not having read the latest popular book. However, there is one major difference. If you haven't heard the latest hit song or know who Joey Heatherton is, you are merely poorly informed. If you don't keep up with the best seller list you are intellectually inferior. So, victims of Cause No. 2 (myself included at one time or another) are often forced to read a great deal of

stuff that is so far ahead of its time that it cannot be understood. Also, they are forced to read stuff that is so badly cliched that they wish they could not understand it. However, there is a remedy for Cause No. 2. It consists of keeping up with the book reviews in such magazines as **Time, Newsweek,** and **Saturday Review.** Of course, the only drawback is that you may use this method to avoid books that you might have liked. There is a great deal of compensation though in the warm glow you exude when you realize that you got more out of reading the reviews than some idiots got out of actually reading the book.

Cause No. 3 is a very personal thing with me. I call it "The Jacket Blurb Syndrome" for want of a better name. I have spent a number of very painful hours reading very dull books and writhing in disappointment over their inability to live up to the exhuberant (and might I add devious) statements made on the cover. This has been especially true when I had hopes of being entertained rather than uplifted. How many times have I bought science-fiction books with multi-colored horrors depicted on the cover hoping to read of bug-eyed monsters devouring New York City only to discover that the author is concerned with the deeper spiritual values of life on Saturn? How many times have I picked up COMPLETE AND UNEXPURGATED EDITIONS only to find them chock full of redeeming social value? Seriously, though, after shelling out my hard-won gold for a book, be it at the bookstore or in library fines, I feel a moral obligation to read it eventually. I also often feel a moral obligation to strangle a few Harper and Row and Doubleday PR men.

In the last few paragraphs I have attempted to explain my masochistic compulsion to read material that I hate every minute of. Now, if you happen to suffer from this particular malady you probably have had this compulsion throughout the article to flush it down the toilet and run screaming. Unfortunately, it's too late now. You've forced yourself to read another 920 words of drivel. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

GEORGE SLATER

GEORGE SLATER, STAND. SPEAK IN YOUR OWN DEFENSE.

— I am guilty, that I realize. But why must I continue to torment myself? I am an ant, an aphid, who deserves death. Yes, perhaps I should kill myself; but I won't, I know that. How can I be so cruel, so heartless, and yet so much of a coward?

GEORGE SLATER, PRESENT YOUR STORY, RELATE THE EVENTS, DEFEND YOURSELF, SO THAT THE JURY CAN COME TO A JUST DECISION.

— No, I will not think about it. I can escape torment no other way. I must blot the entire, horribly disgusting episode from my mind, from my conscience. I can live no other way.

WE CALL OUR FIRST WITNESS. PETE CONRAD, PLEASE TESTIFY. WHAT CAN YOU CONTRIBUTE TO OUR KNOWLEDGE?

"George is a good friend of mine, so I do not want to say anything that will hurt his case. No, I will say nothing."

WE CALL ROGER NELSON. MR. NELSON, YOU ARE KNOWN TO BE AN ENEMY OF MR. SLATER'S, BUT YOU ARE ALSO A MAN OF INTEGRITY. GIVE US YOUR STORY.

"George Slater is an intelligent man. He can be friendly and kind; but, he is too independent, too idealistic, too much of an atheist for me. We don't get along for these and other reasons.

"I have always believed in the importance of argument and discussion. Men, in my opinion, should always attempt to communicate; they should always strive to express their ideas as forcefully as possible. George disagrees. He has told me quite often and always eloquently that he believes that discussions are profitable and useful on some topics but, definitely, not on all. For instance, he would say, 'Politics, health, science, economics, sociology, history are valid — all valid subjects for discussion. But never religion. The person who believes is the luckiest man on earth; one should never discuss religion with such a believer. It is beastly to do so.'

"I have always admired George, though I have never liked him. He seemed so sincere and honest in everything he said. But one can never tell."

— Good God, silence, please, silence. Do I enjoy torturing myself? Do I like to see myself suffer? Please, I beg with all my heart, no more.

WE NOW CALL ON MARY SMITH FOR A CONTRIBUTION TO OUR CASE.

"Ann was a gentle girl with a pretty face and a beautiful personality. Everyone she met loved her. But she was blind. George met Ann quite accidentally and was, at first, unaware of her blindness but was immediately impressed by her cheerfulness. Only later did he learn that she was blind; still later did he learn that she was very religious, that her belief was her source of strength, her inspiration. God gave her security and serenity. For Ann life with God was a joyful, meaningful experience which she would have given up for nothing."

— Stop, mercy, stop. All right I'll confess. I killed her as surely as I breathe this minute. I could not stop myself; it's almost as if I destroyed her purposely, but for absolutely no logical reason.

If only I could have been there; if only I could have told her that I was wrong, that everything that I said was a joke, a mere fancy; if only she had realized how much I love her, that I really wanted her to stay just as she was, to believe, to love God, to worship and be happy. Oh, these infernal myths and this wretched soul; how can I go on?

WORK

— No, it's impossible, meaningless — too practical.

CREATE

— No, I haven't the talent or the patience.

DIE

— No, I haven't the courage.

BELIEVE

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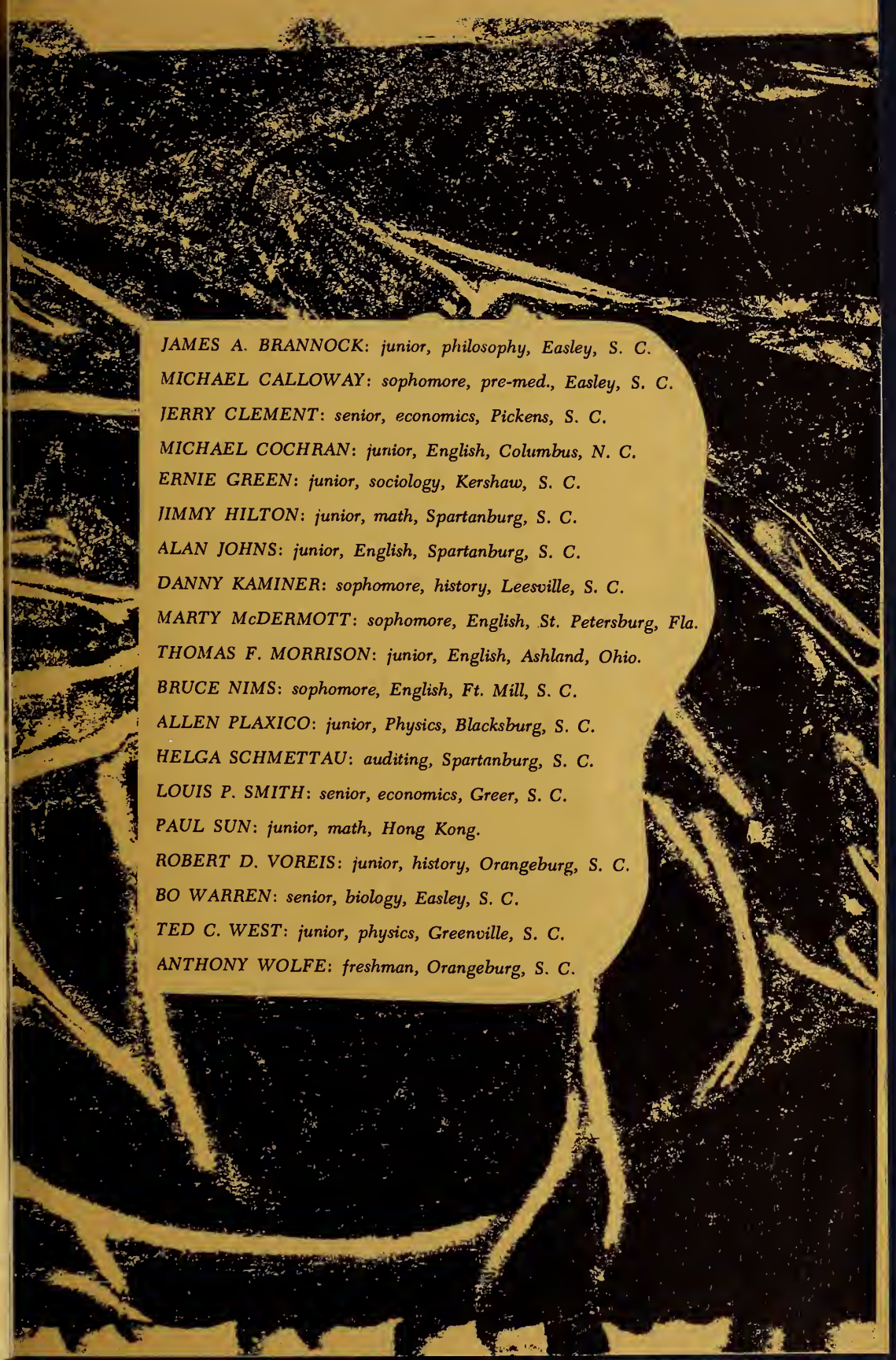

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CARIBOU REVISITED

Association with average college men will train the heart and mind to one desire: women. The wealthier the better. For you, not for her, but it doesn't hurt to make her think it is good for her, too. Now women are not absolutely churlish. It requires experience to impress them. If you don't put out a little of that finesse there's always some blue-gened, blockheaded Pi Zappa Krappa with a Mickey Spillane mentality and that ever tenuous Playboy sophistication ready to dash round a corner to catch an outside pass, and throw one at your girl. He'd flex his upper lip, and under its strengthy undulation, he'd reveal more teeth than any person could find a pratical use for.

I was passing through Washington and decided to

look up a girl I had written since the sixth grade, which was also the last time I had seen her. She'd been a rather hefty Sixth GRADER. Urchins that we were, we maliciously called her Caribou.

Anyway, I wrote to her but never saw her. She moved out of town — to German East Africa — from where she was sent to a school in Switzerland peopled mostly by the upper crust of the sons and daughters of the diplomatic community of Geneva. She was smart, this Caribou.

In the many years of our correspondence I received a few pictures from her. With each one she grew thinner and thinner, but so did our correspondence, as both of us probably tacitly felt we would never see one another again. By the time I reached Washington (she had recently come back to America), our writing

had dribbled into that Christmas card kind of keeping-in-touch. The last picture I had received, about a year before, had been snapped in Arlington. She had been made Miss Washington, D.C.

I came into town, checked in at the Hilton and rang her up as the boy was fetching the ice to tell her that I had come back into her life. Over the 'phone she was understandably ecstatic. I got the address, had a gin and tonic, and, holding a piece of paper with her address on it under the hotel clerk's nose, told him to point me in the correct direction. He did, and out I floated.

After following what surely must have been the former trail of the Army of Northern Virginia for thirty miles, I stepped on the emergency brake in front of one of those properly sub-urban papier-maché ranch houses with a few screwed-up angles on it to make the no-cavity Crest <u>famille</u> think it is a new style. I swung the door

open and poured out onto the pavement. A little girl arrived before my eyes on a bicycle and asked, "Who are you?"

I replied with dignity, "None of your business, you little nose-picking bitch." Children have never elicited my more humane propensities, to which I am usually inclined. Before I could ask her in a more polite vein was I where I wanted to be, she rode over my two-toned oxfords with her Schwenn training-wheels in the direction of 75,000 houses which looked exactly like the one up the sidewalk of which I began to walk.

I pressed the bell announcing my arrival, doubtless causing a flurry within. The door opened inward on a young girl. No doubt the C's sister, I surmised.

"You must be Paul," she said, licking her left hand of the stickiness she got by putting it on the lollipop in her right hand.

"No, I'm your sister's old friend. I called." She was not highly attentive.

"She's getting ready to see you. She was doing her hair. My Mother isn't here. She's playing bridge with Mrs. Whirdle. Do you want to come in?"

"Yes."

"What will you give me?" this petite advocate demanded.

Best to humor her. "A nickel," I said.

"Keep it," she said, and turned round. "C'mon."

I followed the creature into a comfortable family room, which anyone can tell from any other room in any house because all the members of the family do their best to rip it apart.

I asked if Caribou was there, but used her given name. Sis said Yes, I told you once. I said Oh, sat down, and began to plan my strategy. I had to get her to the Hilton that night. If I could just...

"Do you like Poe?" interrupted the pre-puberty set.

"Hum?"

"Do you like Poe?" she persisted.

"Poe who?"

"Edgar Allan," she supplied.

"Oh, yes," I said offhand.

"Oh good! We'll play a game," she sparkled.

"What game? I don't like games."

"It goes like this: I'll say a line and you come back with the next line."

"But I haven't recently..."

She steamed over expostulation. "This comes from 'The Haunted Palace': 'In the greenest of our valleys / By good angels tenanted.' All right, your turn."

"I don't know. What do you..."

"'Once a far and stately palace — / Radiant palace — reared its head' That's what you say."

"Lookit, it's been..."

"'In the monarch thought's dominion — / It stood there!'"

"... about five years..."

"Never seraph spread a pinion / Over fabric half so fair!"

"Go get your sister. I've come to see her," I shouted over the recitation. The wretch look sullenly into my frowning physiognomy like a prospective shoe-store looter during a riot, but trailed off to a recess of the ranch house.

I got back to myself. I would tell the C. I'd ordered dinner in my room, with flowers, and wine, and that she could tell her mother I was taking her to a movie or something. She was a woman anyway, and didn't need to be watched. Once in my room I'd get us each a tuna-fish sandwich, throw her on the bed with typical masculine superiority that all women love, and say to her as I loosened my tie and unbuttoned the collar of my Brooks Bros. shirt, "I am a man. You are a woman. Man and woman go together. We go together." That would be perfect.

I could see myself afterward. I would roll over on my back, strenght to spare, light up a cigarette and smoke it, inhaling deeply, like Yves Montand.

The Little Brat came sliding in again. "She'll be here in a minute."

"Good," I said, narrowing my eyes at this Winnie the Pooh-sized poetess.

"Wanna do something fun?" She was undaunted.

"No," I encouraged.

"Come over here by the window and look out or I'll cry and my sister won't like you," she threatened, arms akimbo, like Ma Kettle.

I humored her and went to look out onto a desolate street filled with happy kids. "What am I supposed to look at?"

Pointing, she said, "On the side of the house. See? The electricity meter."

"What about it?"

"See how slow it's moving around," she explained. A coin-shaped disc slowly revolved behind a glass case. "Now watch it while I go turn the air-conditioner on." She went to another part of the room and when I heard the cooler start, the disc sped round twenty time as fast as before. The cooler shut down and Brat was at my elbow. "Did you see?" it inquired.

"Yes, I saw," I answered, "Now go count the straws in the broom and get out of my sight. I'm here to see your sister." She gave me the sullen look again and ran out of the room.

From the other side of the room Caribou entered, a dream, a ravishing beauty, sheared of her Sixth Grade caribou's haunches. I adjusted the silk cravate, and we sat down. Just as I was about to tell her about the wine and the flowers and getting the Yves Montand

feeling in me, the 'phone rang. she answered, listened, and her face slowly changed from one expressing Enchanté de faire votre connaissance to Pardonez-moi, mons. She cradled the black instrument, grabbed for my arms and said, haste in her voice, "My sister's called my fiancé. He's fiercely jealous. She told him you came here to rape me, and he's coming right over. He'll be here in five minutes."

I held my hand up calmly.

"Don't worry, I'll handle him," I said. But then I heard her. "What fiancé? I didn't know you were engaged."

She continued as though I hadn't spoken. "You've got to take my sister to your hotel and keep her there until I call you. Maybe all night."

I was unperturbed.

"My fiancé is a line-backer for the Air Force Academy,

and he's very dangerous."

"Where's your sister?" I asked hurriedly, as I rose, feeling in my pockets for my keys.

In the car and on the expressway Brat smiled at me. She dug into her pockets and brought out two cigarettes.

"I stole these from my mother's room." She punched the lighter.

"Have one," she said.

"No thanks," I said. "I don't smoke."

A. Delaplaine

IDLE VERSES ON THE INTERREGNUM

INTIMATIONS

JOHN BUNYAN, CREDULOUS PROPHET,
DREAMED OF LANDS ALLEGORICALLY
INHABITED;
UNABLE TO UNGLUE HIS VISION-DEWED EYES,
HE DECLAIMED, WITH A TINKER'S PERSEVERENCE
UPON THE SHEEN OF THE GOLDSMITH'S WORLD.

PROEM

OLIVER CROMWELL, ROAST IN HELL.
OLD NOLL YOU SHALL BE POLLED.
HORSE-FACED, IRON-ASSED,
THE LORD PROTECTOR'S NOT AGHAST,
HEARING SUCH EPITHETS.

CHARACTERS

NO JOCUND TRESSES FRAMED HIS FACE
FOR CROMWELL SAW NO DISGRACE
IN CROPPING HIS VINES TO SOLEMN LENGTH
AS GOD WAS SERVED BEST AUSTERELY.
JOHN MILTON, SERAPHIM-OBSESSED,
RALLIED TO CROMWELL,
SHAVING HIS PEN WITH POLITICAL RELISH
AND LIMNING STATE PAPERS, TO EMBELLISH
THEIR SOBER COLUMNS WITH ARK-LIKE
BEDIZENMENTS.

EVENTS

NEW MODEL SOLDIERS MUSTER AND FORM
DEDICATED TO SCOURGING ENGLAND'S TEMPLE,
SCORNING THE WHORE'S TRICKS OF
ECCLESIASTICAL REGALIA.
WHILE PRINCE RUPERT SMIRKED IN HIS CUPS
CROMWELL, INTENT, DICKERED
WITH KING CHARLES, THEN, VEXED
HE PROCURED FOR HIM AN ASSIGNATION
WITH LADY BLADE.
AFFLICTED WITH UNWANTED AMBITION,
CAVALIERS BANDED IN NOBLE BONHOMIE
TO REINSTATE THE GRIM SHOPKEEPERS
IN THEIR FUSTY SHOPS AND LONDON.
HOUNDS RELEGATED TO LASSITUDE,
GENTRY MOUNTED BLOODY STEEDS
COURSING DRAB BUT DURABLE PREY
WHO WORE THE BUFF, IN PURITY'S PAY.
SCARLET CLOAKS SWOOPED QUITE PRETTILY
TOLEDO EDGES SLICED IN COMPACT ARCS
OFTEN SUNDERING AN IRON-SHEATHED HEAD
AS RUPERT CROWED, UNRUFFLING DREAD.
PLUMAGE LACKING, COURAGE ASWELL
IRONSIDES CAVILLED FIERCELY
GRANTING NOTHINGSAVE ELAN.
GREEN-GARBED IRISH, A CHANCE APPARENT,
TO REPOSSESS THEIR PROBATED MOBIETY
WAVED PATRICK'S STANDARD,

REMEMBERING FATHERS' BLOOD EXTRACTED.
RUPERT NOW PACKING AND CHARLES AGRIN
HIS HEAD PIKE-HIGH AND MOCKED,
CROMWELL SAW TO HIS CURE
WHICH DEMANDED PAPIST'S ASHES.
RAVEN-CLOTHED AND DOWNY-COLLARED,
LOYOLA'S JESUSMEN PROPOUNDED
THE IMMINENT DEMISE OF FONT-PISSING NOLL.
INVADERS ON THE SERPENTLESS SOIL
ROUNDHEADS EXECUTED THEIR CHORE;
GOADED BY THEIR SCRIPTURAL IMBIBINGS
THEY DEFLECTED BALLS NOT ONLY WITH ARMOR
BUT WITH TESTAMENTS STRATEGICALLY POCKETED.
POPE-SPAWNED AND FROG-INSPIRED,
IRISH RECUSANTS DYED THEIR JERKINS SO GREEN
AS TO RENDER THEIR BLOODSTAINS INVISIBLE.
ON GIBBETS FESTOONED WITH GORY BUNTING
ARE HUNG, WITH WOODEN PASSIVITY, THE VICTIMS;
FOR FEW IRISH MERITED THAT NOBLE PREREQUISITE,
THE BLOCK, AND ALL, MUTTERS CROMWELL,
THE GALLOWS.
BOARD UP BROTHELS, DENUDE THE STAGE,
THE LORD PROTECTOR'S DRACONIC RAGE
SPARES FEW ESTABLISHMENTS:
BAN PAGAN CAVORTING ABOUT A POLE,
FORBID YULE CANDLES MELTING ON THE FIRS,
RECANT YOUR ROYALIST PRATING AND DEMUR
FROM THE LUPINE ADVANCES OF JESUITS,

WHILE READING THE AEROPAGITICA.
OF PAPACY WE'VE HAD OUR FILL,
SO HIP A CHEER FOR THE COMMONWEAL!

ALAN JOHNS
FIRST PLACE
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

HEBRUS

THE BABY IN A CRIB
WAS LULLED TO SLEEP BY A FAR-OFF TRAIN
CLACKING.

THE NOISY CITY BECAME QUIET,
A LIGHT WAS TURNED OFF,
A DOOR WAS CLOSED.
A STREET LAMP SHOWED IN THE DISTANCE;
AND THE TRUCKS WHINED --
BUT ONLY FOR A WHILE,
BECAUSE THEY STOPPED.

THE NIGHT IS A LONG JOURNEY INTO DAY,
BUT IT HAS MEANING FOR THE ASTRONOMER,
SITTING IN HIS STRANGE TOWER,
HIS MIND RACING COLD ON THE OUTER EDGES
OF TIME AND SPACE.
HE GRASPS,
THOUGH HE IS ALSO OBLIVIOUS TO THE TRAIN WHISTLES
AND THE TRUCK WHINES.

ON A DESERTED STREET,
LATE AT NIGHT
EARLY IN THE MORNING,
THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS CONTINUE TO BLINK
THEIR RED AND GREEN MESSAGES OF AUTOMATIC SAFETY.
AN OLD WOMAN, CLAD SCANTILY AGAINST THE COLD,
LEANS INTO THE WIND
AND CROSSES THE STREET ON RED.

THE SINGER DESCENDED INTO HELL,
DEEP,
BUT HE CAME BACK WITH NO HAPPY SONG.
TORN APART, HE STILL RAVES, MAD, IN THE RIVER
OF HIS LOVE.
ORPHEUS FORESEES NOW
THAT THE EARTH MAY BE NOONE'S MOTHER AFTER ALL;
BUT HE QUIVERS,

BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE ELSE TO BLAME.
AND OFF WE GO ON THE GREAT SHIPS
BOUND FOR TROY,
NOT KNOWING OR THINKING OF WHAT IS BEYOND,
BUT HEARING MERELY A CREAK OR A SPLASH --
SO NEAR AND LOW.

THE WINDS CARRY THE SAILS ALONG
WITH THEIR OWN RHYTHMS
AS WE SIT AND WAIT, PLAYING GAMES.

THOMAS F. MORRISON
SECOND PLACE
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

CREATION

GOD MUST BE A MASOCHIST
TO HAVE CREATED SUCH AS MAN.
WHY BOTHER?
HE HAD A GOOD THING GOING
-------SOLITUDE.
MAYBE HE WAS LONELY.
HE MUST HAVE MEANT
TO HAVE CREATED EVE FIRST;
BUT, HE ZIGGED
WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE ZAGGED
AND CAME OUT WITH MAN.
BEING DETERMINED,
HE TRIED AGAIN.
BEHOLD!
BUT, NOT HAVING HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH WOMEN,
HE NEGLECTED HER CURIOSITY.
HE GOT SNAKED,
LOST THEM BOTH,
AND WAS LEFT ALONE ONCE MORE.

JAMES BRANNOCK
THIRD PLACE
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

FINALLY

HE LET HIS MIND WANDER;
(LIKE ON A WARM SUMMER NIGHT
WHEN THERE'S NOTHING BETTER TO DO)

HE THOUGHT BACK TO WHEN HE WAS YOUNG
AND DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN—

WHEN SPRING
HELD MAGIC FOR HIM
IN A WOMAN'S ARMS
AND

HER SIGHS
WERE URGINGS.
HE SMILED FOR A MINUTE
BUT IT SOON FADED—
THE SUN WAS SETTING
AND HE SHIVERED
AS HE FELT
THE WARM SUNLIGHT CREEP
FROM HIS FACE.
DAY'S END ALWAYS MADE HIM SAD
EVEN AS A CHILD—
YET SOMEHOW HE FELT
HE SHOULDN'T BE—
THE MUD-STAINED PRIVATE SAID,
"HE'S DEAD, SERGEANT."

MARTY MCDERMOTT
HONORABLE MENTION
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

RAGGEDY ANNE OF ANOTHER AGE

WHEN I WAS SIX AND IVORY WHITE,
SOAPBOX ORATOR OF THE SIMPLE AGE WHEN DIRT WAS BLACK AND BLACK
WAS SIN,
I CHANCED TO LOVE A GIRL I SCORNED,
SOFT-SPOKEN, SAD, INCREDIBLE ANNE:
A VERITABLE, INEVITABLE MUSIC MOTIF,
FOR SHE WAS POOR, IN TATTERED CLOTHES.
HER SEX ALONE WAS ENOUGH TO DESERVE MY HATE;
HER POVERTY WAS ENOUGH TO INCUR MY DERISION.

I GAZED AT ANNE WITH MOLDED EYES,
CONFUSED AT FINDING A SITUATION WHERE BLACK AND WHITE WERE
INTERTWINED
(I THEN KNEW NOTHING OF GREYS).
I WANTED TO ASK HER IF SHE WAS AN ANGEL;
I CALLED HER RAGGEDY ANNE.
HER LARGE BLUE EYES WOULD GLAZE, THE TEARS WOULD FLOW.
I'D HATE MYSELF FOR HATING HER, ENRAGED AT FEELING LOVE FOR HER,
AND HATED HER FOR BEING HURT AND HURTING ME WITH SWOLLEN EYES.

ANNE IS THE ONLY HUMAN BEING I THINK I TRULY KILLED:
AT FIRST SHE'D WEEP AT POINTED WORDS, AND THEN AT MY APPROACH,
BUT THEN HYSTERICALLY SHE'D SCREAM IN FEAR OF ALL THE HATE AND
LOVE
BEHIND THAT WICKED CHANT.
HER ABSENCES INCREASED UNTIL SHE FINALLY DIDN'T COME TO SCHOOL,
AND I WAS GLAD SHE WAS GONE AND MISSED HER VEHEMENTLY.
I PRAYED FOR HER RETURN AND SWORE I'D NEVER CURSE AGAIN,
BUT I CURSED MYSELF FOR CURSING HER AND CURSED HER FOR MY FEARS.

ONE DAY SHE CAME AGAIN, MY ANNE;
I SAW HER STANDING IN THE CLASSROOM DOOR,
CLINGING TO A THIN TORN WOMAN TALKING WITH THE TEACHER.
I STARED AT HER, MY HOPEFUL GAZE
PENETRATED HER GLANCE AT ME;
SHE BEGAN TO SCREAM AND WAS TAKEN AWAY.
SHE NEVER RETURNED TO SCHOOL.
ON A FAMILY WALK I SAW MY ANNE
ON THE PORCH OF A PAINTLESS OLD HOUSE
WITH BOARDS FOR WINDOW REMNANTS
AND A RUSTED IRON SPIKE FENCE.
I SLUNK TO MY BROTHER'S OUTER SIDE.

I SLUNK TO MY BROTHERS OVER SIDE.
FEARING THAT AT MY SIGHT HER SCREAMS WOULD TELL THE WORLD
THAT I HAD CAUSED HER DERANGEMENT.
AFRAID TO EVEN GLANCE AT HER
I SLITHERED AWAY BEHIND MY SHIELD.
I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN.

"YET EACH MAN KILLS THE THING HE LOVES
BY EACH LET THIS BE HEARD"
THE BRAVE MAN DOES IT WITH A SWORD,
THE COWARD WITH A WORD.

WHAT DID I MAKE OF HER? WHAT IS SHE DOING NOW?
WHAT WAS HER NAME? I KNOW HER ONLY AS RAGGEDY ANNE, A TATTERED DOLL
LOST FOR THIRTEEN YEARS, REFOUND IN YOU.
WHAT AM I DOING TO YOU? OR YOU TO ME?
WHY ARE THE TWO OF YOU SO MUCH ALIKE?
AFRAID TO SPEAK, I STARE INSTEAD;
I LOOK THROUGH SUBTLER EYES, INDIFFERENT EYES.
DO YOU SEE THROUGH THEM? FOR BEHIND YOUR INDIFFERENCE
I SENSE THE DEVASTATING PAIN YOU FEEL WILL NOT SHOW.
I HATE MYSELF FOR HURTING YOU, ENRAGED AT FEELING LOVE FOR YOU,
AND HATE YOU FOR NOT SHOWING AND HURTING ME WITH PASSIVE EYES.
I WAIT BESIDE YOUR RUSTED IRON SPIKE GATE
MY RAGGEDY ANNE OF ANOTHER AGE
AND WONDER IF I MUST KILL YOU, TOO.

LARRY CRENSHAW
HONORABLE MENTION
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

TERRICOLA

NOW THAT I LIE BESIDE MY BROTHER

DARKNESS

IS THE BOND OF TWO, A CIRCLE
CIRCUMSCRIBED ABOUT US,

ONE.

WE ARE SEPARATED BY LESS DISTANCE THAN A VOICE
BUT HE DOES NOT TOUCH ME –

THERE CAN BE NO CONVERSATION

BETWEEN US.

ALONE

BESIDE NOW EMPTY ROADS

ON SECOND FLOOR BALCONIES

OF EMPTY COLONIAL MANSIONS

HOLDING

DARKNESS

IN OUR

HANDS.....

INSULATED,
LIKE FISH UNDER THE ICE
THROUGH A LONG WINTER

TWO GREAT LIGHTS

SHADOWS.

DANNY KAMINER
HONORABLE MENTION
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

GRAY SQUIRREL

GRAY SQUIRREL ON GRAY SIDEWALK
NOT SCREAMING GAILY —— DEAD.
ONLY A BROWN STAIN LEFT
AFTER MAINTENANCE PICKS HIM UP———
ONLY THEN UNTIL IT RAINS.
STEP OVER HIM.
HE SLIPPED.
JESUS CHRIST! WHO CARES?

CHARLIE MILLER

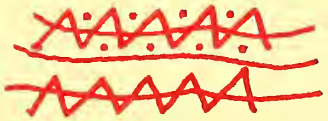
PO YÜ

PO YÜ
MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY
OR ELSE CRAZY
LIKE SKINNER'S KID
WITH A HEY NONNY-NONNY
AN A HOT CHA CHA

BABBLE BLAS BABBLE
ON A SOUND FOUNDATION
RIVERUN ON BABBLE BLAS

I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE
A GUITAR
SHAPED LIKE A HOLY-TERROR
DRAGON.

RED & GREEN AND ROARING
ITS WAY



WILL GOFORTH

SHADOWS

SHADOWS GROW DIMMER, LONGER
AS ONE MOVES AWAY FROM LIGHT;
THEY SPEED SLOWLY AHEAD AND BLEND
WITH THE INFINITESIMAL VARIETIES OF DARK,
ONLY TO BE BLENDED INTO SHAPELESSNESS
AS FORMS LOSE IDENTITY AND THIS GRASPING
COLORLESSNESS CONSUMES THEM.

DAVE EDWARDS
HONORABLE MENTION
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

FIRST COMMUNION

"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND CLOSE YOUR EYES,"
COAXES THE PRIEST,
"AND YOU SHALL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE."
HE THRUSTS DOWN THEIR PINK THROATS
THE BODY OF CHRIST
(SYMBOLICALLY PRE-GUTTED, DRAINED,
SKINNED, DRESSED AND BONE-FREE)
AS THEY, INEFFECTUAL GARGOYLES
OR RELISHING FROGS,
GULP THE ASCETIC WAFERS,
FOLLOWED BY A DESCREET QUAFF
FROM A STUNTED VESSEL—
HIS BLOOD THEY SLURP,
THESE GANGLY INITIATES;
THEN THEY SPECULATE IN SUBDUED TONES
UPON THE EFFICACY OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ALAN JOHNS
HONORABLE MENTION
HELMUS POETRY CONTEST

A Proposition

"Mr. Room, I presume?" giggled the tipsy prostitute. Chuckling perfunctorily, Gerald Room whispered avidly, "Quit dawdling. Do let's jump in the sack."

"Aw, now, Mr. Room," she demurred, "eager lovers love so meager. My mum taught me that. She was in the business too, y'know."

"Yes, yes, but come love, let's do it now. I've an appointment in an hour."

"You commercial chaps," she whined, beginning to disrobe, "you have no appreciation of..." She was cut off by Room's preemptory tug at her elbow. Himself already naked, save for his plaid garters, he twirled her about to face him. Her remaining garments, like a serpent's molted skin, slid off. A determined grimace stamped his face.

"You are an economic anomaly," he muttered severely. "For example, inefficiency is your greatest detraction." The girl could do little but gawk. For Room had produced a little black notebook and a stop watch.

"Show me your quickest technique." Dumbstruck, the trollop remained rooted to the floor. "Come now, I've little time to waste." Reluctantly, she demonstrated her celerity. Room dispassionately participated, and, in spite of the awkward position, scribbled in his notebook.

"Three minutes," he announced sternly.

"But," she protested, "it could have been your fault."

"Mine? Never. My body is trained to respond precisely. Give me your entire repertoire."

"You know how much this'll cost," she cautioned.

"Certainly. To the last pence." Shrugging, the girl ran through her sexual drill.

"There," Room said with an air of finality. "We've gone the entire route. It grieves me to announce, that, if you were a legitimate corporation, you would be bankrupt."

"Aw," she scoffed, "this is a joke, eh? All this folderol about wasted motion and time conservation?"

"Hardly. Of all the prostitutes I've studied, you demonstrate the poorest proficiency."

"You got your share!"

"That's not the point," Room lectured. "A business must not only satisfy the customer, it must do it in a manner that preserves the facilities. Otherwise, it cannot operate long enough to realize a comfortable profit margin."

"Facilities! You call this my facilities," she defended herself, pointing to the proper spot.

Room plowed stolidly on. "Let's sit down. Listen to this proposition. Your name's Rose?"

"No. Violet."

"Ah, well, just what's your set-up?"

"Wait a minim," she remembered. "What about that appointment?"

"Not important. A mere ploy to tax your prowess. Now. Who's your pander?"

"Pander?"

"Certainly. Your... agent?"

"Oh," she realized. "My pimp."

"Yes, yes."

"You mean Tommie Gates. He takes care of me."

"Quite. Where may I contact him?"

"That's easy. He comes by here every night to collect my take."

"What time?"

She glanced at her imitation gold watch. "Oh, another hour."

"I'll wait."

"Not until you pay me."

"Tidy accounts. That's good. Here. Extracting an ivory money clip, he peeled off ten pound notes. "Correct?" The girl snatched the bills without comment.

The whole thing bored him, actually. At least the irksome physical part. Room had a gratifyingly adequate annuity. He lived in a respectable sector of London, in a three-room flat. An antique dilettante, he abhored anything but Georgian decor. Chippendale, Heffelwhite, all the names one savored like a mellow rosé. And here he was in a cheap flat decorated in the latest hire-purchase monstrosities. If he could apprehend any pattern, it was crypto-baroque flavored with

garish Hollywood. He pondered his reasons for being there. Not money. Neither was peccancy. He deplored the type usually encountered in a plush bar who constantly afflicted one with his nauseating peccadilloes. One of those fellows had even told him of his appreciation of boys! Insubstantial crickets. He'd never wallowed in a contrived bathetic moaning over his lost youth.

What was he doing there then? A desire to vindicate his theories. Yes. What was it young Sniuvers said? "Mr. Room, Sir," he self-effacingly suggested, "doesn't solving other business' problems get frustrating? Not being able to follow your solutions to their conclusion I mean." That had stuck in his mind. This sort of thing could be a rewarding hobby, like his friend General Horse who'd constructed a duplicate of Marston Moor and continually delighted himself with the perpetual Roundhead victories. A brief pang of contentment stung him. Careful not to be smug. But it might become

profitable enough to replenish his collection with an occasional piece.

"Listen," he brightened, trying to dissipate their mutual ennui, "what kind of flat have you? Any nice pieces?"

"This is it and besides, you've seen all my nice pieces."

Mute in the face of such obstinate vulgarity, he flicked on the wireless. "Tonight," purred a voice, "we have with us Mr. Lorrice Gissing. Mr. Gissing has just completed a two-month study of the London vice-business. What did you find in your no doubt pleasant scrutiny of Soho, Mr. Gissing?" Irate, as if some omniscient BBC executive had intruded upon his intimate concerns, Room snapped it off.

Interrupting his glum reverie, the door was flung open. A man in his mid-thirties, short, sanguine and wearing an elaborately belted trenchcoat strode in. "What the hell you doing here?" he accosted Room. "My girl's off duty now."

"Ah, the advertised Mr. Gates," Room smiled wanly.

"Advertised? What's this? My name's not been in the bloody papers, eh?"

"Of course not, Mr. Gates," Room assured him. "Let me introduce myself."

"I don't need no introductions. What have I to do with a toff like you."

"My name is Gerald Room. I have business with you."

"Not to my knowledge," Gates barked.

Tired of this futile badinage, Room bristled. "Listen Gates. My proposal could be very profitable for you. If you choose not to hear me out, there are others desirous of taking advantage of it.

"Profit, eh?" Gates mused, his ferocity abated by the palliative mention of cash. Flamboyantly unfastening his belts, he swept the coat open and pulled out two black little cigars. Room accepted one and pocketed it. "I'm listening, Mr. Room." A sardonic grin, which Room attributed to gas, creased his face.

"Hmm," Gates taciturnly considered Room's suggestion. "Sell my controlling interest in Violet, eh? Your price sounds tempting. This business has its drawbacks, y'know. For the past ten years inflation has eat up all the profits. And the girls. Why Violet

here, take her. She cheats. True. Whatever paltry shillings she draws in, she keeps more than her deserved share. It's not the girls that catch hell, like the papers would have you believe. No, it's not the girls that suffer."

Violet, who had sat comatosely by during this monologue, suddenly became animated. "By gar," she shrilled, "it's us girls that make your living. Cheat, hah! It's all I can do to keep myself in tights and make-up."

"It's all you can do to keep your tights on, you mean," Gates rejoined.

"Regardless," Room reconciled, "what about my offer, Gates?"

"As I said, Mr. Room, the business does strain a man a bit. There's better things, like smut. A man, if set up properly, can realize a fortune on dirty pictures and such. It sounds reasonable. Where's your money?"

"First there's the contract," Room said.

"Contract?"

"Precisely. I have one already drawn up. We need only ink in the blanks."

"I don't know about putting my name on some legal papers."

"It's nothing. Merely a matter of course. You'll be in no jeopardy.

Room then, with a tasteful flair withdrew the document from his vest. "It's very clear. It consists entirely of this single paragraph:

> Whereas (sign your name) unconditionally relinquishes all claims, be they physical, mental, financial, emotional or otherwise, to the directorship of one (fill in her name) henceforth and forever. Any failure to comply with the conditions laid forth shall result in the forfeit of all monies gained by the party of the first part in this transaction.

Just sign here, Gates. The girl can witness it." Gates complied. Violet scrawled her name in childish characters.

"Only one niggling point remains," Room summed up. "I must have her title."

"Title? She's no bloody duchess."

"Her registration certificate," Room illuminated. "You know,

the official paper signifying her as unblemished from disease."

"She has none. Too much of a tax burden."

"She'll get one immediately. I only operate within the law. That's everything Gates. If you'll leave the girl and me alone, we shall discuss our future operations."

"Gladly," Gates sighed, and, securing his flapping belts, he hustled out.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A few days later Arthur Hinkle resolved to sate his unexercised passions. Eschewing ping-pong, cold showers and other folk remedies, he went to a London district notorious for its doxies. Relatively undiscriminating in his sexual forays, he happened to recall the name of one girl with unaccustomed relish. He cast about for her name. Pansy... Tulip... Snapdragon... Violet? Ah, yes Violet. Flipping through his wallet, he found her address. Hitching up his trousers, a habit acquired in his days as an Able

Seaman, he rolled down the street to the proper address.
So engrossed in his own pursuits, he failed to notice the rebuffed facade of her flat: the four-color depiction of the condom above the door, the new coat of paint, the atmosphere in fact, of a pawn shop, flavored with the businesslike sobriety of a chemist's.
Hurrying through the door, he found his ebullience dampened by a prim voice which demanded his business. Stopped in his tracks, Hinkle gaped at her. A youngish woman, she stared at him dyspeptically. With a clammy hand, she held out some sort of ticket. "Five pounds, pay in advance," she said in a dull monotone. Unable to deny her importunities, he plunged into his wallet and proffered the demanded sum. The woman arose from behind the desk, and he first noticed her white, nurse-like uniform. Impersonally grasping his elbow, she guided him to a parti-

tioned cubicle. "Strip," she laconically ordered. Hinkle dubiously assented. Bare, he stared glassily as she preformed some semi-medical duties. His organ was minutely examined, and passed, antiseptic was shiveringly slapped on, and electrodes attached. Thrusting a sheaf of pornographic pictures on his lap, she attended to an electronic registering device. An orange light blinked as the photos elicited the desired effect. "Erection accomplished," she said pertly.

She ushered Hinkle into a hermetically sealed room, in which Violet, obligingly recumbent, awaited him. A minute later, two burly assistants disentangled them. Hinkle was dressed and shoved toward the exit. His itemized account bore the legend, AMENITIES, LTD. LUST COMPLIED WITH FOR REASONABLE FEES. Room sat in a corner of the office, casting his accounts. The profits might just pay for that little hassock.

Alan Johns

A DARKER SHADE OF GRAY

Small, nervous, and fidgety ... that was the best way to describe him I guess. He didn't fit in with the dockworkers or the drunken sailors that seemed to draw some sort of energy from vulgarity of the bar. "The Nook," as it was called, (the double meaning of the word served as a standing source of humor to the dockworkers and a sign of identification to the drunken sailors) had filled early that July afternoon and even this factor seemed contrary to the little man when, finally realizing the all too obvious impatience of the poolplayers with him, he started to move awkwardly across the room to the bar, bumping into serveral people in the process and muttering rapid apologies to those he offended.

Finally emerging victorious from the crowd, his eyes scanned the bar for a vacant seat, locating the stool next to me. Ridiculously thin and pale, on first impression he looked as if he were in desperate need of a good meal and 24 hours sleep.

"Do you mind if I sit here?"

Looking at the man now face to face, I realized that there was yet another item that I would place on his list of pressing needs — a large bottle of Listerine.

"No, help yourself. They're all free."

His eyes began to momentarily scan the room, never really allowing his attention to be held by any one object for too great a length of time — the pool game, the sailors singing their wine inspired 'concerto', the nude pin-up with the 3 year old calendar beneath it — nothing held his roving interest for more than a few seconds. I knew that eventually it had to happen. He'd tire of the surroundings and try to start a conversation with me. Not being in the mood for conversation, I silently and earnestly prayed to be spared the fate.

"I don't believe that I've ever seen you in here before. Do you come in often or is this your first time here?"

"No, I was just driving through town and thought that I'd come in for a while to get out of the heat."

He looked at me for a while with a smile on his face then finally remembering his drink, took a sip. I caught myself wondering whether it was Coke or not. Somehow he just didn't seem to me to be the type of person who would be drinking bourbon 'straight up.'

"You know, that's how it happened to me. I was just passing through town one day and I came in here for a drink. That was over three years ago and I haven't left town yet. But in those three years that I've been here, I can't recall a summer that's been quite this hot.

I believe that it's the humidity that makes it so very unbearable."

Half listening, I only caught the last part of what he had said and decided that it was best to remain true to my self-proposal of limited conversation.

"Yeah, it's hot as hell outside."

He started to look around the room again, like he was searching for someone — or something.

"Pardon me."

"I was just saying that it's hotter than hell outside."

He looked amazed for a fraction of a second, then puzzled, and then a little frightened. I debated whether he was drunk or crazy — hell, he's probably both!

"I wonder if it is."

I was right — he was both!

"I beg your pardon."

His smile began to fade and a look that reminded me of how I always thought a condemned man would look when he was hearing his favorite song for the last time.

"That's a beautiful expression, it reminds me a great deal of a man I once knew very well. Do you use it very often?"

His eyes — that was his power. Staring at me through a searching, grayish-green gaze, it seemed as if he were forcing his thoughts on me and I found myself picking my words.

"Only when I don't understand what somebody else has said — like your remark concerning hell."

His attention remained intent on me now and a slow smile crept across his face as if to testify of his pleasure of drawing me into his verbal game.

"Have you ever wondered just how hot hell really is — if it is hot at all? Or if there's a heaven? Do you believe in a life after death or do you subscribe to the theory that death is the ultimate realization?"

I caught myself fighting the impulse to genuflect before the nearest thing resembling a statue. (this wasn't too difficult insofar as the nearest thing that resembled a statue was the barroom whore and, from the looks of her, I knew that if I knelt anywhere near her it would most likely prove fatal) I turned, instead, towards the bar and asked for a refill. The bartender, who had been taking this insane dialogue in, smiled and told me that it was on the house. Somehow I knew that he sensed the approach of a great deal of business from me.

"I can't really say that I've thought about it in that way. No, I haven't."

He just ignored what I had said with his only reaction being in the moving of his attention from his glass to my eyes. I, in turn, turned my attention from his eyes to my glass.

"I believe that the church today, it's position in our society, should be re-evaluated. They tend to place far too much emphasis on the ceremonial aspect of things and stray from their basic purpose to generally improve the spiritual lives of men. For instance, I believe that one of the most crucial problems of our time is that of narcotics and I believe that the church should be instrumental in the solution of it."

The change which had come over him fantastic. He didn't seem to be preaching yet he wasn't making idle conversation and his earnestness showed in the calm, easy manner in which he spoke. There was no trace of his earlier nervousness and his gaze seemed almost confidential on me.

"It's an interesting thought and, I must admit, it has a great many virtues as well as possibilities, but how do you see that it's feasible? I mean there's such a thing as separation of church and state and you simply can't expect a principle that is so firmly entrenched in our society to be forgotten overnight!"

Turning his attention back to the glass he held within his hands, he seemed lost in thought for some moments.

"That's true but there is also such a thing as individual involvement."
Somehow the purpose of the statement eluded me.
"You've lost me. What do you mean?"
The words had barely gotten out of my mouth when he turned on me, his eyes wide with anger,
"I mean just this. That the drug addict, the junkie, the guy with the monkey on his back — whatever the hell you want to call him — he is the most impending threat to our society and he must be stopped at any cost. It's spreading like a cancerous wave that is fated to infect our entire world. It's got to end."
Finally gaining control of himself, he just leaned over with his elbows on his knees and stared at the dirty wooden floor. The silence that prevailed was broken only by the amused reactions of the dockworkers who had overheard the little man.
"I guess that I get a little carried away when I feel strongly about something."
"Yeah, I guess you do."
Unmitigated silence still dominated the once hysterical little man and, for some reason, I felt sorry for him in his

embarressment.

"Listen, you've got a point. It is a serious problem but I really don't see how the church can solve it."

His attention had now rested on the nude pin-up in the corner of the room and, for a while, he seemed absorbed in it.

"Maybe not the church but someone has to. Hell, I don't care who it is, the church, the state, the national government - maybe all three, as long as it's somebody. The problem is becoming a great deal more serious and it's affecting our society with no restrictions of age groups."

I had begun to feel a little awkward and I realized that I was searching for a subtle escape from the conversation. Somehow I managed to vent my apathy with the words,

"Oh well."

He ignored the interruption, continuing on his self conversation.

"Did you ever hear about the priest who went down to the slums of New York to work with the

addicts? I worked with him for a while and I got to know him fairly well. He was genuinely concerned about the problem and decided to do something about it. I knew him pretty well and he really cared — he gave a damn!"

"Then why don't you move back to New York and find him? I mean you both share the same thoughts about the problem, maybe you could work with him again."

Not totaly interested in the idea, he just shrugged.

"Yeah, maybe."

"what do you mean 'maybe'? You sit there and preach me the evils of drug addiction yet you won't get off your dead ass to do something about it. And when I say 'do something' I don't mean beat the breeze with your damned idealism."

He didn't seem to have much more to say. He just turned away from the bar muttering something about how an everyday businessman like him couldn't afford to get involved with addicts. I started to watch the pool game, not even wanting to see the guy. Sometime during the game he got up and left the bar, walking to the other side of the

room where he started to talk to some clown in the corner. I had to feel sorry for the guy he was talking to because I knew exactly what he was going through."...couldn't afford to get involved with addicts."— damn.

I glanced at my watch and noticed that it was getting late and even though it didn't seem it, the setting sun verified what had shown. Sliding from the stool, I turned away from the bar and headed for the door with the words "the john" written in black paint on it. Pushing open the door, I saw my "barroom preacher" standing in front of the sink with his back to me. He turned suddenly, evidently startled at the sudden opening of the door, to face me, shock registered in his horrified eyes. At first I was surprised at his reaction, though I had seen the fumbling of his hands to vainly hide his intentions and heard the rattle of the wooden floor. Bending over, I picked up the syringe he had carelessly dropped and forced the liquid out of the needle onto the floor, laughing at the pain I saw in the grayish-green stare of his eyes as the liquid disappeared into the dry, wooden floor.

Marty McDermott

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I hesitated to comment at the beginning of the year because I didn't know just how much we could accomplish. I hesitate now because so much has gone into this year that all objectivity is lost. I only offer the four issues — with a mixture of pride and deep humility. We are grateful to the S.C.C.P.A. for our award. I also am especially grateful to the Publications Board for the W. Norman Cochran Citation.

The credit for it all goes to the contributors. It is their magazine — they made it and they are the ones who profited most. Second is the staff and the patient people of Martin Printing Co. (Greenville, S.C.). They never despaired despite our lack of knowledge and constant desire for experimentation.

Thanks to everyone who read our work and offered encouragement. To any whom we offended, we sincerely apologize.

Love, Peace, Joy —
James A. Brannock

Morrison — 9.
Miller — 8.
McDermott — 19, 39.
Johns — 12, 26, 27.
Kaminer — 22.
Goforth — 24.
Edwards — 25.
Crenshaw — 20.
Brannock — 18.

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